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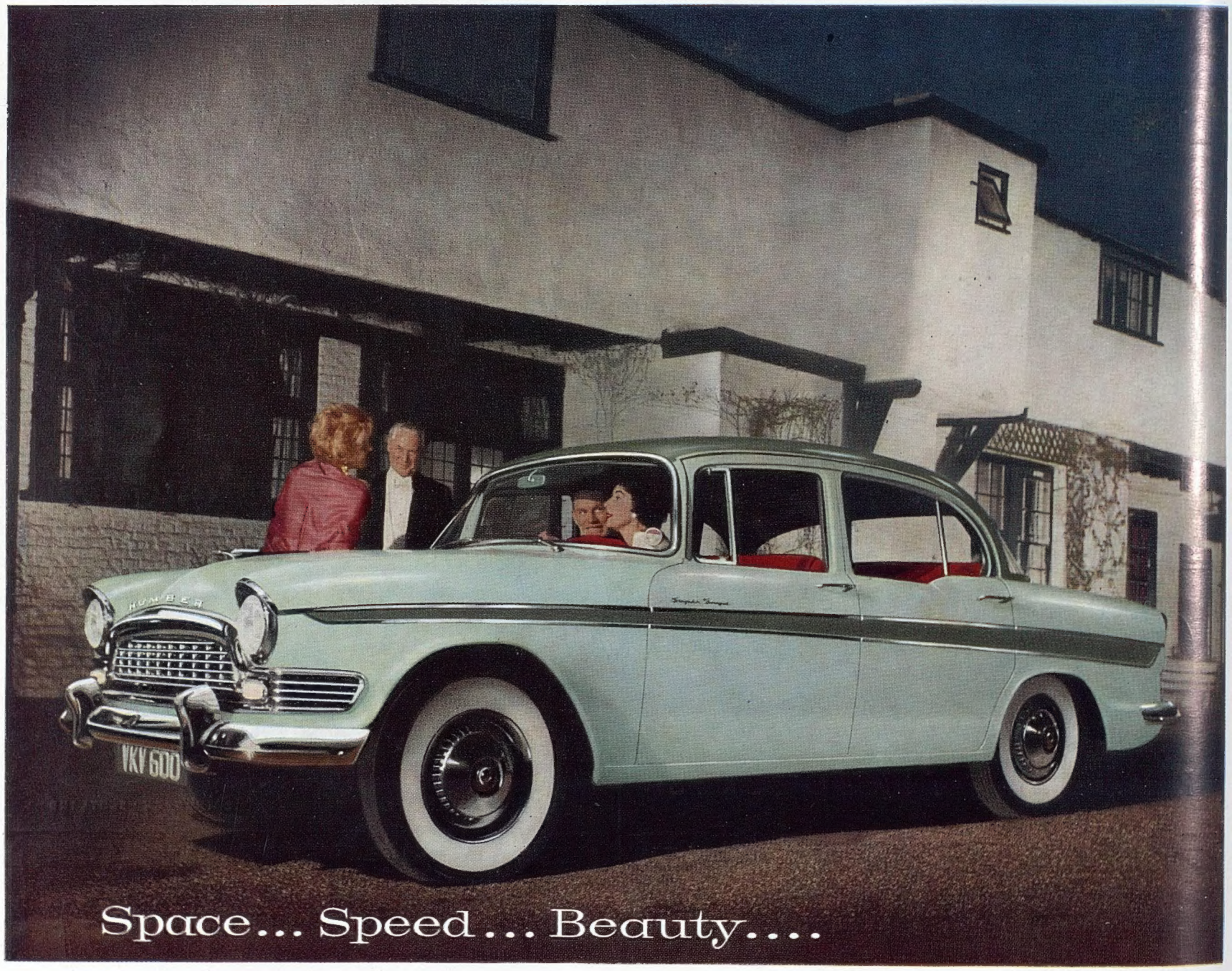

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The SPHERE, London, February 27, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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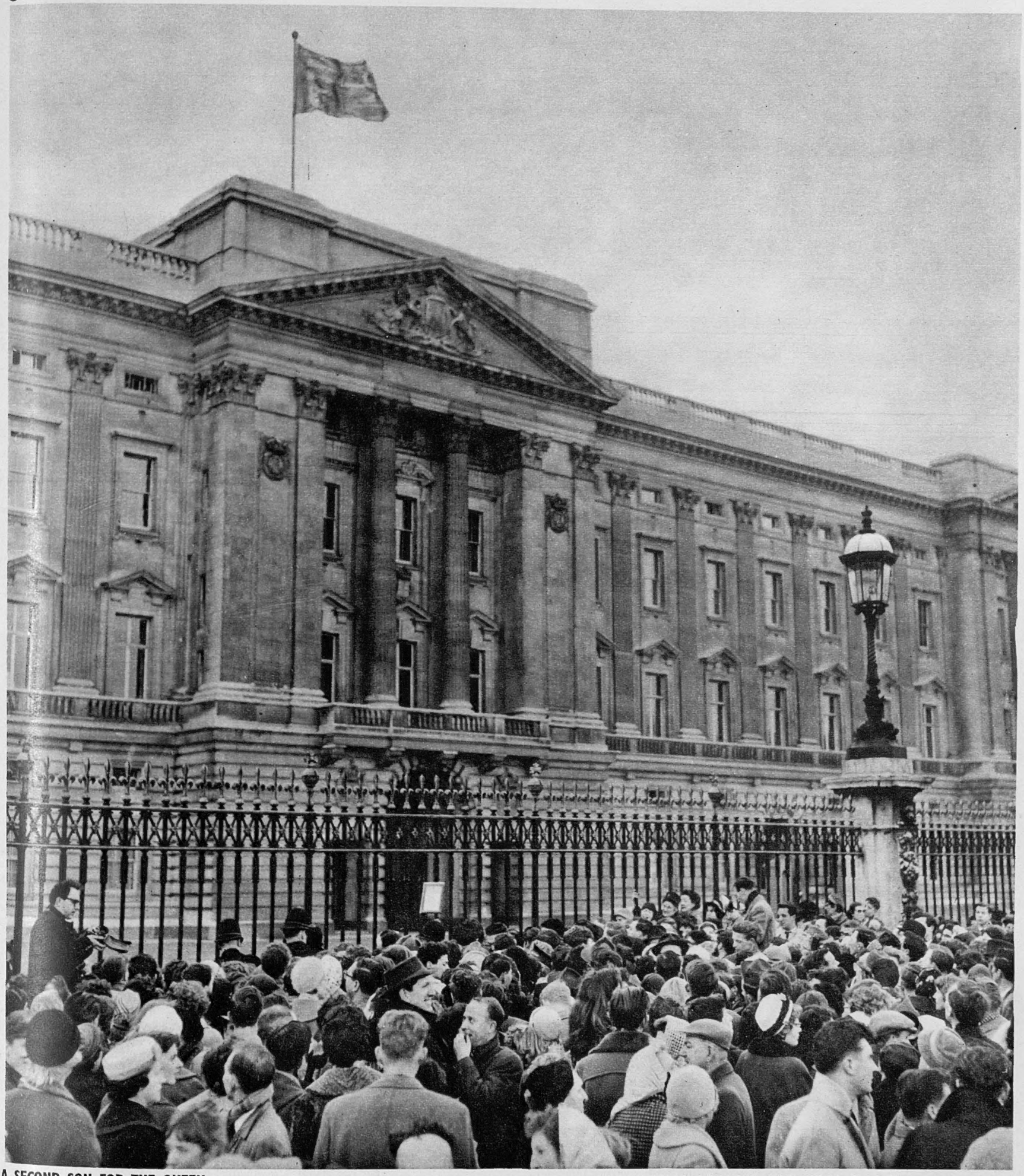


A SECOND SON FOR THE QUEEN—THE NEWS OF THE BIRTH IS GIVEN TO THE CROWD OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19: The bulletin, signed by the doctors, is fixed to the railings, and the great impressive ceremonial Standard flies over the Palace. The new Prince, who weighed 7 lb. 3 ozs. at birth, is second in line of succession to the Throne. Messages of congratulation and good wishes for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have been received from many parts of the world.

The new Prince is the first child to be born to a reigning Sovereign of Britain for 103 years. The last occasion was in April 1857 when Queen Victoria gave birth to Princess Beatrice, also at Buckingham Palace. Throughout last week many people had been gathering each day outside the Palace, and on the Friday there was a vast crowd present as the bulletin, giving the news of the birth, was posted on the Palace railings. The great ceremonial Royal Standard was hoisted over the Palace, and immediately, messages of congratulation began to arrive for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Soon after the birth, the Duke took Princess Anne to see her new brother, and later in the day the Prince of Wales arrived home from Cheam School to spend the week-end with his parents. Other members of the Royal Family also went to the Palace. On the day following the birth, flags were flown from public buildings, Royal salutes were fired and jet aircraft flew over London to mark the salute of the Royal Air Force. From the Admiralty the signal went out to all Royal Navy ships and establishments, "Splice the Mainbrace." Last Sunday special prayers for the new Prince and the Royal Family were offered in Britain's churches and chapels. At the time of writing, the names for the new Prince had not been announced. (See also pages 302-303.)

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad 4½d.

A DIAMOND NECKLACE FOR £27,000: At Sotheby's, in London, bidding is in progress for the eighteenth- or very early nineteenth-century necklace put up for sale by Lord Shrewsbury. It is a beautifully-matched design of eleven oval-shaped clusters, each with a larger stone at the centre, with festoons of diamond chains and pendant drops. The final bid of £27,000 was made by S. J. Phillips, of London.

ROYAL PORTRAITS ON STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS: Lord Mottistone (left) admires a panel bearing the portraits of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the St. John's Wood studio of Mr. Brian Thomas (right), the artist who painted the figures. With those of other members of the Royal Family, the portraits will be incorporated in windows of the Chapel of the Order of the British Empire, which was designed by Lord Mottistone, at St. Paul's Cathedral. On Monday of last week the Duke of Edinburgh visited the studio.

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

A Very Happy Event—The birth of the Queen's baby is in all ways a happy event. A family of three children is better than a family of two. A ten-year gap between eldest and youngest keeps a family young and teaches a sense of responsibility to the elder children. Then again, the event is happy because the Press behaved with marked restraint and has not unduly intruded or sensationalised the last week before the birth. And happy for the child. His childhood will be as happy as that of his brother and sister. There is no longer anything to dread in being born in the Purple. For two generations (but only two) the children of the Sovereign or Sovereign's heir have been brought up like other children; could choose their friends and share reasonably in the rough-and-tumble of growing up. They have had the supreme benefit of hearing criticism of themselves from their friends and can enter on their public duties, not as people of a race apart, but as "citizens of no mean city." When they talk of the outside world, they know what they are talking about. Their ivory tower has been rationalised, modernised, has gained in light and air with new windows on the world and french windows opening on to broader avenues. It is well with the child. There are still "men, women and Royalties," but the distinction is no longer a matter of mentality and outlook, but a necessary, conventional distinction in the universal duty of service to the nation.

Real Estate Prices Rise in Cyprus—A distressing feature in the "settlements" of international crises and industrial disputes is that they are not settlements at all. At the best, they list a variety of vital points on which wrangling can begin again. If the "settlement"—which is a face-saving device for buying off instant trouble—does not suit some party to it, it is thrown overboard by that party and all 's to do again. So in Cyprus, and no doubt in the railway settlement. In Cyprus real estate prices are booming. At the time of the settlement, Britain considered that 120 square miles of largely unproductive land in Cyprus was quite expensive at £8,000,000. Makarios now considers 80 square miles cheap at £20,000,000, and I haven't much doubt that he will get much nearer *his* price than will Britain. The British military authorities have satisfied our Government that adequate bases in Cyprus (and nowhere else) are essential if we are to fulfil our defence obligations to the Commonwealth and our Middle East Treaty responsibilities. This knowledge naturally encourages the Archbishop to open his mouth, and Britain to open her purse, wider. There is a wide gap in the rival ideas of current real estate values in Cyprus. We should hesitate to throw our caps in the air and applaud the restraint and common sense of all who bring about eleventh-hour settlements until we are satisfied that they settle anything at all. Most of them look to me like scraps of paper exchanged to buy off trouble for a month or so, and save faces which are never saved for long.

A Grim Assignment—No man, it is said, can serve two masters. How much more sombre the lot of one who must endeavour to serve and please three or four with no means at his disposal. That for long has been the fate of Sir Brian Robertson and I have often envied him. When strikes are bought off, as often they are, at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, we can ask: why was the "obvious" solution delayed so long? Why was the nation kept on tenterhooks? The position of the leader of a bankrupt nationalised industry is surely the "least enviable known to the Law," not excluding that of "a mortgagee in possession." On the running of the railways depends the very survival of our industrial and workaday lives, our food, our health, our livelihood. When the trains don't run, the nation grinds to stagnation. It is the Government's task to ensure that these wheels turn smoothly. The wheels of the railways turn if the men who turn them are efficient and contented. The Commission has no money to make them so. It can only pay its way, if the public gives it adequate support. The public will not do so, if it feels that it is asked to pay too high a price for inadequate services. So the Government forces the public to pay in other ways. There, then, are the Commission's masters, all demanding satisfaction. The workers with their just grievances and their jealousies; the public who must take what they can get from the services, and one way or another stand the shot; the Government whose prime duty it is to keep national life on the move; and, if you like, a handful of unions with divergent aims and discordant policies. A printers' strike, a dock strike, a steel strike, can do us great harm. They do not destroy us in a matter of weeks. A railway strike can do so, and that fact must have encouraged the N.U.R. and the public to wonder why the "obvious" solution was delayed so long.

False Gods—Money is the god which rules our world, and his consort, the green-eyed goddess, is his invaluable help-meet, ensuring by every means in her power the preservation of his dynasty. Certain it is that every concession of higher pay in one industry incites a comparable industry to press for equality. The vicious circle whirls merrily along. I dare say if I were working an eight-hour day on £12 a week, which I am not, and pining to possess the latest electrical gadget or new car which my neighbours possess, I should take more notice than I do of the publicised luxury-of-living enjoyed by the millionaires; and I should be outraged to read that one

THE OPENING OF THE HOOK ROAD UNDERPASS: Traffic uses the new underpass at the junction of the Kingston Bypass and the Leatherhead-Surbiton road, at the Ace of Spades. It was opened recently by Lord Chesham, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport. The underpass, which was built at a cost of approximately £400,000, is the first of the new underpasses which are being constructed for London's traffic. Work is in progress on the second, at the busy traffic junction of Hanger Lane and Western Avenue.

man's pickings from some business merger would be in the range of £1,000,000. It seems clear that some sensational organs of the Press encourage this dynastic partnership of gold and green, and by boosting great wealth, increase envy and incite most of us to ask for more. Much in the same line of logic, there are organs which cash in on our Royal Family's private lives for a " story " and, at the same time, make " stories " out of the expense of its maintenance. No doubt, it is a very nice calculation in journalistic logistics whether circulation benefits more in a world boiling over with envy and hatred than in a world where men are more contented with their lot and less prone to envy others. Certainly as individuals, men have a better chance to be happy when they can put their work before its rewards, and though the age of the craftsmen can never return, probably in the long view the stability of Press circulation would be more assured by greater stability in the human race. If that were acknowledged, it might pay better to advertise the reverse side of the picture of unlimited wealth by underlining the gulf between gross income and net-after-taxation, and showing the effects of estate duty on the assets of deceased millionaires. " Stories " based on " the poor little rich man " in sensational form might go some way in time to shake this dynasty of gold and green, which rules us to our discomfort.

Rate for the Job—It used to be said that the Gold of Ophir could not buy happiness, and I recall a *cri du cœur* only the other day from a rich woman involved in some " unpleasantness ": " Why do these things always happen only to rich people ? " Perhaps they do, perhaps they don't; but when they happen to rich people, we hear of them. The vicious circle of rising income and rising envy goes on, and will go on until some commission of sages can recommend and secure general acceptance for a new Charter of accepted " rates for the job " which is based on degree of responsibility, hard and dangerous conditions of work, length of hours worked, national importance, and in some cases, the ability of the industry to pay competitive wages. Meanwhile, the fighting services keep jealous eyes on the Civil Services, the Civil Services on industry, and so on, and the devil take the hindermost which comprise the less vocal and more vocational, the parsons and the teachers, the doctors and the nurses, the artists and the poets.

No New Thing Under the Sun—A Russian scientist, named Professor Agrest, has thrown a bone which puts our modern scientist stars to flight. He has found evidence that space travel is as old as the hills, and atom fissure merely a dead letter revived. The Martians or men of other planets landed, probably on the Baalbek Terrace, in the dim past, and the rocky platform in the Anti-Lebanon mountains was their launching site for the return journey of their space-ship. Lot's wife was petrified by radioactive fall-out, after neglecting the visitors' warning to keep out; and the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were wiped out through the same disregard of warnings to avoid radioactive areas. The destruction of the Cities of the Plain otherwise than as a punishment from Heaven presupposes that a Wolfenden report had been issued and generally approved all those years ago. The Sodomites perished not for their vices, but for their reckless disregard of scientific advice. I think the Professor *has* something there. The Romans knew more about central-heating than we do to-day, and still, as of old, there is no new thing under the sun. I wonder if those Martian or other scientists had discovered an inoculation against the common cold, and still use it. If so, they might usefully land here again and teach our scientists some really valuable wrinkles.

Brains Inc.—I am becoming converted to the Brains Trust on TV. When it started years ago in another medium, I thought the name priggish and boastful and the selected Brains rather confused by lack of drill and experience, both in their answers and in their division of labour. To-day on TV we never fail to appreciate the calm and clear methods of the compère, and much more is done to confine the questions to matters relevant to a chosen team, expert in one particular field. There is no danger of a physicist being asked what he thinks of *Jane Eyre* or Gilbert and Sullivan. Moreover, these " brains " have been drilled, or have otherwise gained experience of the technique of conversation-piece broadcasting, and show a commendable restraint in not breaking-in on a colleague or monopolising the show. I sometimes get quite a lot of value out of them. What I find is, not that they give me new ideas but that they express ideas and opinions I hold very much more clearly and concisely than I can do myself. But a *Brains Trust* should be, and should always have been, reserved for trained minds and disciplined questioners. The rustic Brains Trust was always a terrible affliction for the panel, for the questions were usually trivial or obvious, and seldom touched on what knowledge or experience any members of the panel possessed. And I think my single experience as a member of a rustic Brains Trust panel accounts for my long resistance to this source of knowledge.

Beats Cock-fighting—I suppose cock-fighting a century-and-a-half ago really gave to oafish squires and their entourages the excitement they needed to a high degree. When bare-fist prize-fighting, bull- and bear-baiting were going out, cock-fighting supplied their need. And it has gone on under the rose ever since. I heard of it twenty years ago or less in the Midlands, patronised by distinguished company. And still it goes on spasmodically and locally. Last week a Yorkshire breeder of gamecocks for the " fancy " was fined for cruelty in preparing these birds for the cock-pit. This perhaps lends some weight to the arguments of Eire Ministers anent the public outcry against the cruelty of shipping live horses to the Continent for slaughter. It is a pretty telling *tu quoque* ! We in England cannot afford to play the " holier than thou " role in matters of cruelty to animals while even a small hardcore of men and women, insensate to the suffering of animals, remains. But at least the civilised and the law-abiding can persist in their individual efforts to show up such barbarism, wherever it is disclosed.

Proof-reading—Proof-reading is as much a skilled trade as authorship or watchmaking. The author's best friend, guide and mentor is usually the printer's reader who corrects spelling and grammar, revises wrong quotations and punctuation, and usually reveals a better knowledge of " Shakespeare and the musical glasses " than does a prosperous best-selling author. But, of course, there are matters beyond his powers of revision. He cannot always know what is in the mind (if any) of the author or what may be his intentions. Proof-reading of any printed matter should be a fifty-fifty partnership between author and proof-reader. It is astonishing how often authors neglect their share of the work and how utterly untrained are their eyes for spotting their own slips. In my shelves, I pulled out two books of no great importance. One had a pasted *errata* slip containing 47 *errata*, the other 24. One would expect the National Foundation for Educational Research to see that its general knowledge paper for schoolchildren in a vital examination was free from vital misprints. After all, it is subsidised by the Ministry and the local authorities. If I were one of the 6,000 Bristol children, now compelled to sit again, I should air my classical knowledge with the justified cliché: *Quis custodiet . . . ?*

Cat and Mouse—While I agree in principle that it is impertinent and undesirable to criticise the institutions of another friendly nation, I incline illogically to rush bald-headed into subscribing to protests against any form of cruelty anywhere to man or beast; and, more illogically, perhaps, dumb animals first. The elaborate safeguards against miscarriage of justice in the judicial system of the U.S.A. do certainly sometimes result in a form of cruelty " worse than death." If a condemned man is allowed to qualify as a best-seller and receive (as Gilbert put it) " all the illustrated papers " in his death-cell, the efforts allowed to his lawyers compel him to endure a cat-and-mouse mental torture which can make even the Calvary of worn-out horses seem a bagatelle by comparison. So it is with Chessman, who having been in the death row at San Quentin for nearly twelve years was reprieved last week for sixty days on the eve of his execution. It is no isolated instance of American humanity proving kind only to be cruel, and, for my part, I feel that, vile as was Chessman's record, he has paid for it in full.

THE OLD STAGER

A WELCOME FOR THE NEW PRINCE

Smiles and Salutes After the Announcement from Buckingham Palace

OUTSIDE THE PALACE: Mr. Stanley Williams, the Superintendent of the Palace, secures the gilt-framed notice to the railings. The bulletin, hand-written on a piece of the Palace note-paper, bore the message: "The Queen was safely delivered of a son at 3.30 p.m. to-day. Her Majesty and the infant prince are both doing well." It was signed by Mr. John Peel, the Queen's gynæcologist; Dr. Vernon Hall, the anæsthetist; Sir John Weir and Lord Evans, the Queen's physicians. The new Prince was born in the Belgian Suite on the ground floor of the Palace.

THE DUKE DRIVES OUT: smiles at the crowd o side Buckingham Pal as he leaves on the after the birth of second son to watch Royal Navy play Royal Air Force in Services Rugby Tour ment at Twickenh Immediately after birth the Duke had t phoned the Queen Mo and Princess Marga Members of the Cab and the Governo General and President the Commonwealth co tries were also inform

On left—

A HOLIDAY FROM SCHOO The Prince of Wales w driven from Che School on the day of brother's birth and mained at home wa Sunday. He saw mother and the infa Prince soon after arrival at the Pal

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE THE PALACE: *Left*—The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret smile and wave as they drive from Clarence House to see the Que and the new Prince shortly after the announcement of the birth. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra also visited the Palace. *Right*—Princess Anne leaves Clarenc House to return to the Palace after a visit to her grandmother last Sunday. A few hours after the birth the bells were rung at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedra

A ROYAL SALUTE OVER LONDON: Thirty-six Hunter jet-fighters of the Royal Air Force fly over Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square during the fly-past saluting the birth. The flight took place on the day following the birth because there was insufficient time to stage it immediately after the announcement.

TRADITIONAL SALUTE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: With Tower Bridge in the background, the guns on the ramparts are fired by the Honourable Artillery Company. A salute of 41 guns was also fired in Hyde Park by the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery, and 21 guns at the Royal Artillery Depot at Woolwich.

CELEBRATIONS IN EDINBURGH: A crowd watches the fireworks display in the Scottish capital. A bonfire was lit on top of the Calton Hill, there were firework displays in the parks, and gun salutes were fired.

IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The Lutine bell is rung by Mr. Edward Presley, the Caller, at Lloyd's to mark the birth. It was the first time that the bell had been rung to announce the birth of a Royal baby.

THE DEATH OF LADY MOUNTBATTEN

The Wife of Earl Mountbatten of Burma, She was the Last Vicereine of India

HER LAST TOUR : Countess Mountbatten is seen at London Airport before leaving on a ten-week tour of St. John Ambulance Brigade units. She died last week-end at Government House, in Jesselton, North Borneo. Her body was flown back to Britain.

HER WEDDING IN 1922: As Miss Edwina Ashley, she married the first Marquess of Milford Haven's younger son, then Lord Louis Mountbatten. In the group, giving their titles as they were in 1922, are, from left, standing—Princess Margaret of Greece ; the groom ; the bride; the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor); and Princess Theodora. Seated from left are Miss Mary Ashley, sister of the bride; Miss Joan Pakenham; Princess Sophie; Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper; and Princess Cecilie. The Princesses named are daughters of Princess Andrew of Greece.

On left—

A TRUE FRIEND OF INDIA: Countess Mountbatten is seen with Mr. Nehru, at the opening of the India Club in London in 1951.

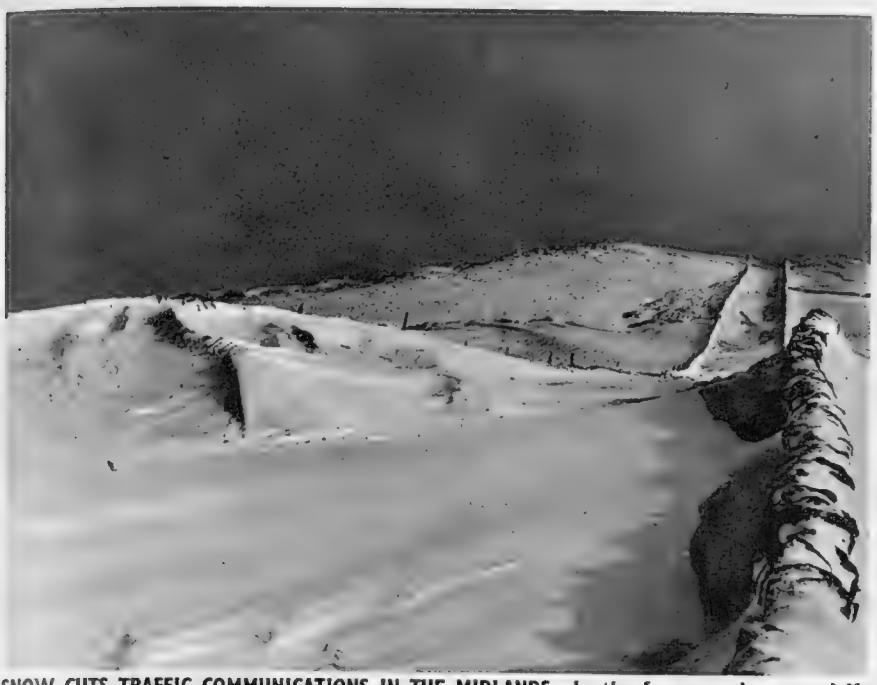
Lady Mountbatten will be remembered by the countless friends she made in India in 1947, when, as wife of Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, she was the last Vicereine of the sub-continent, and by all those she helped in her dedication to the interests of those organisations which care for the sick and helpless. She died last week-end, at the age of fifty-eight, in North Borneo, while in the middle of a ten-week tour of Cyprus, India, Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo, Hong Kong and Korea. She had undertaken the tour in her capacity as Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

An heiress to a great fortune, she made a brilliant marriage to one closely allied by blood and marriage to the Royal Family. Early in her married life, Lady Mountbatten took a great interest in the Dockland Settlements, hospitals and nursing. During and after the war, in various capacities, she inspected hospitals all over the world.

THE FIRST MEETING WITH MAHATMA GANDHI: In April of 1947, at the Viceregal House in New Delhi, the Indian leader chats to Lord and Lady Mountbatten. It was said that even Gandhi sought Lady Mountbatten's opinions and her influence throughout the sub-continent was immense.

ONE OF THE LAST PICTURES OF LADY MOUNTBATTEN: A few days before her death, Lady Mountbatten talks to the five-year-old daughter of a Gurkha soldier when she paid a visit to the British Military Hospital in Singapore.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



SNOW CUTS TRAFFIC COMMUNICATIONS IN THE MIDLANDS: In the foreground a snowdrift 6 ft. deep completely blocks the road from Grindleford, near the border of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, to Bretton. After heavy snowfalls, traffic could not use the road.

WINTER IN SCOTLAND: Vehicles edge past a lorry abandoned by the side of the road running south from Inverness to Perth. Last week there were blizzards in parts of North Scotland. At the week-end a thaw had set in and conditions were reported to be improving.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE KENYA CONFERENCE: Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, shakes hands at Lancaster House with Mr. Tom Mboya, the African Nationalist leader, at the end of the five weeks of talks in London on the future constitution of Kenya. A serious deadlock in the proceedings was broken last Sunday, largely through the initiative of Mr. Macleod. All groups represented—with the exception of Group Captain Briggs' Right Wing United Party—agreed on certain proposals. Plans decided for the executive and the legislature are to be implemented as the next stage in Kenya's development. The question of land rights is to be the subject of a special report. Before long Africans should hold the major power in Kenya.

On left—

THE FUTURE OF CYPRUS: Mr. Julian Amery, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs, talks with Archbishop Makarios at Government House, in Nicosia. Little progress was made in this particular series of talks on the very controversial question of the size and nature of Britsh bases on the island. Mr. Amery returned to London to report. Early this week he flew back to Cyprus and there were hopes that agreement on the bases might eventually be reached.

THE DRAMATIC REPRIEVE IN THE CHESSMAN CASE: The convict who was sentenced to death twelve years ago sits in San Quentin Prison, in California, between his lawyers, Mr. George T. Davis and Miss Rosalie Asher. A few hours before Chessman was due to go to the gas chamber, Governor Brown, of California, granted him a sixty-day stay of execution. Thus another chapter was added to the history of a case which has attracted world-wide attention. Chessman was convicted in June 1948 on charges of robbery, kidnapping and sexual assault. Since that date he has succeeded in postponing his execution by intricate legal manœuvres involving appeals to various American courts. While in prison he has written four best-selling books which between them are said to have earned him £53,000.

THE SCAR LEFT BY THE FRENCH NUCLEAR BOMB IN THE SAHARA DESERT: The patch of black sand seen from the air marks the place where France exploded her first atom bomb on February 13. The steel tower which had been erected for the test near the oasis at Reggane has completely disappeared. The tracks through the sand approaching the site are clearly visible. Some experts interpreted this fact as meaning that very little sand was sucked up in the bomb's mushroom cloud.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE EIGHTH WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES: Miss Carol Heiss, an American figure skater, takes the Olympic oath on behalf of the 740 competitors at Squaw Valley.

A blinding snowstorm on Thursday of last week cleared in time to allow the opening ceremonies of the eighth Winter Olympic Games, in California, to proceed as arranged. The ceremonies included a parade of 740 athletes, representing the 30 countries taking part, and a hymn sung by a massed choir of 4,000 voices, supported by more than 1,000 instrumentalists. Preparations for the Games had continued until the day before the opening. All the winter sports facilities at Squaw Valley had to be specially built for the Games.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF SQUAW VALLEY ON THE OPENING DAY: Spectators are dotted on the snow during the opening ceremonies of the Winter Olympic Games. The large building in the centre is the Blyth Arena ice stadium. The official opening declaration was made by Mr. Nixon, U.S. Vice-President.

TWO GOLD MEDALLISTS: *Left*—Sixten Jernberg, of Sweden, rounds a check-point in the Thirty-Kilometre Cross Country ski event at McKinney Creek. He won the first Gold Medal of the Games. Another Swedish competitor took second place. *Right*—In the Women's Downhill ski-ing, the winner, Miss Heidi Biebl, of the combined German team, speeds down a slope at Squaw Valley.

A TRIUMPHANT TEAM FROM THE SOVIET UNION: Four Russian girls pose after their overwhelming victory in the Women's Ten-Kilometre Cross Country ski-ing. From the left are Alevtina Kolchina (fourth); Marija Gusakova (the winner); Liubov Baranova (second); and Radia Eroshina (third).

A VICTORY FOR THE GERMAN TEAM: Helga Hasse (left), of East Berlin, and Hatsue Takamizawa, of Japan, race along the straight in the Women's 500-metres Speed Skating event. Miss Hasse was first, with a Russian in second place. Miss Takamizawa was fifth.

AN ALMOST FLAWLESS PERFORMANCE: Barbara Wagner and Robert Paul, of Canada, execute a graceful movement in the Pairs Skating. By a unanimous verdict of the seven judges they were declared the winners. A German pair took second place.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MIKOYAN IN NORWAY: The Soviet First Deputy Prime Minister (left) talks at a luncheon in Oslo with Hr. Einar Gerhardsen, the Norwegian Prime Minister. Between them is an interpreter. The Soviet Ambassador to Norway, Mr. Gribanov, sits on the right. Mr. Mikoyan spent two days in Norway on his way home from Cuba, where he had signed an agreement with Dr. Castro for the purchase of Cuban sugar by Russia. Before leaving Oslo, Mr. Mikoyan made a statement attacking the European Free Trade Association, of which Norway is one of the seven members, and declared he had "nothing good" to say of it.

CONSPIRACY TRIAL IN JORDAN: Mohamed Rousan, formerly Jordanian Minister in Washington, stands in the dock in Amman. He was accused with sixteen other Jordanians, most of them Army officers, of plotting against the security of the state by conspiring to overthrow the Government. The case was tried by the State Security Court and all the defendants were found guilty. Mohamed Rousan and Lieut.-Colonel Salameh Ateek Saed each received ten years' imprisonment. Ten officers—a Lieut.-Col., seven Majors, a Captain and a Lieutenant—received five-year sentences. The remaining five, a major and four civilians, who allegedly had fled the country, were each sentenced in absentia to fifteen year's imprisonment.

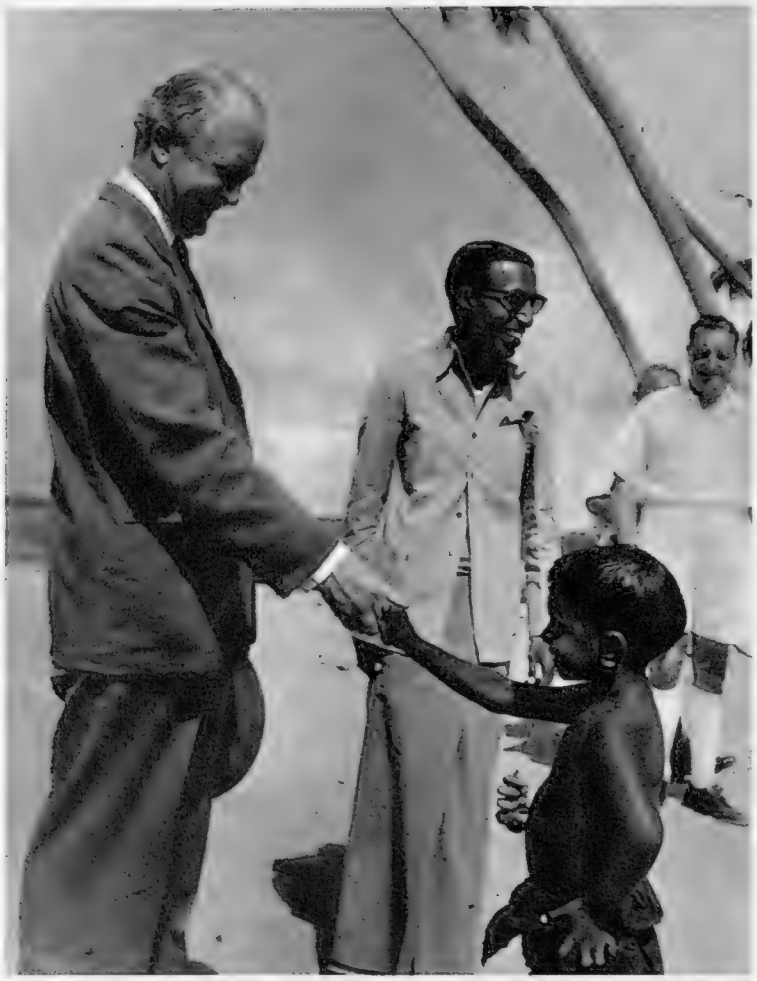
A PLUNGE THROUGH THE ICE IN POLAND: A member of the Silesian Frogmen's Club "Delfin" has made a hole in the ice covering the lake at Czechowice, near Gliwice. A colleague holds a line attached to the back of the frogman which will enable him to find his way back to the hole when he swims below the ice. *On right*—The frogman's legs come up as he plunges down in the water. The team from the club, which is a branch of the Polish Tourist Society in Gliwice, were carrying out a series of experiments. Their object was to study the changes occurring in the human body during varying periods of time spent in freezing water.

A GIFT FOR MR. KHRUSHCHEV: In Delhi during his visit to India, the Soviet Prime Minister stands at a respectful distance from a tiger cub. It had just been presented to him by the Health Minister of the State of Madhya Pradesh. He said that the cub had been named "Diamond" because it was captured in the Panna district, where these gems are mined. From Delhi Mr. Khrushchev went to Calcutta. Before he left for Burma, a joint statement was issued stressing Indian-Soviet "friendship and understanding."

A ROYAL VISIT TO INDONESIA: King Bhumipol Adulyadej and Queen Sirikit of Siam talk with Dr. Sukarno (right), the Indonesian President, in Jakarta. After the eight-day royal visit Mr. Khrushchev arrived in Indonesia from Burma.

In a caption to a picture in *The Sphere* of February 13 of Lord Dalton being introduced to the House of Lords, it was stated one of those with him was Garter King of Arms. In fact, it was Mr. A. R. Wagner, Richmond Herald. The error, which is much regretted, arose from information from the agency supplying the picture.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE MALDIVIAN AGREEMENT: Mr. C. J. M. Alport, Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations, is greeted on his arrival in Malé, the capital of the Maldive Islands, by a small local inhabitant. The Minister had arrived to sign the Agreement by which the island of Gan is granted to the R.A.F. for use as a base in return for financial aid from Britain. Work at Gan is largely completed. It will be a vital staging point on the Britain-Australia strategic air route.

CEREMONIAL WELCOME TO THE MALDIVE ISLANDS: The Sultan's State barge is rowed on the waters of the Indian Ocean to bring Mr. Alport to Malé from H.M.S. *Gambia*. The Minister of State had arrived offshore in the Royal Naval cruiser. It is hoped that the Anglo-Maldivian Agreement will lead to a solution of the domestic political turmoil which has been disturbing the British-protected islands for many months. Last year Mr. Afif Didi proclaimed himself "President" of the "United Suvadive Islands" in a separatist revolt from the established Maldivian Sultanate. Gan is in the Addu Atoll group of islands over which "President" Afif Didi claims sovereignty. In letters exchanged between Mr. Alport and Mr. Nasir, who is the Sultan's Prime Minister and also holds seven other Cabinet portfolios, it was agreed that the Malé Government "will not seek the return of their officers to Addu Atoll until the Maldivian Government and the British Government agree this can be peacefully accomplished."

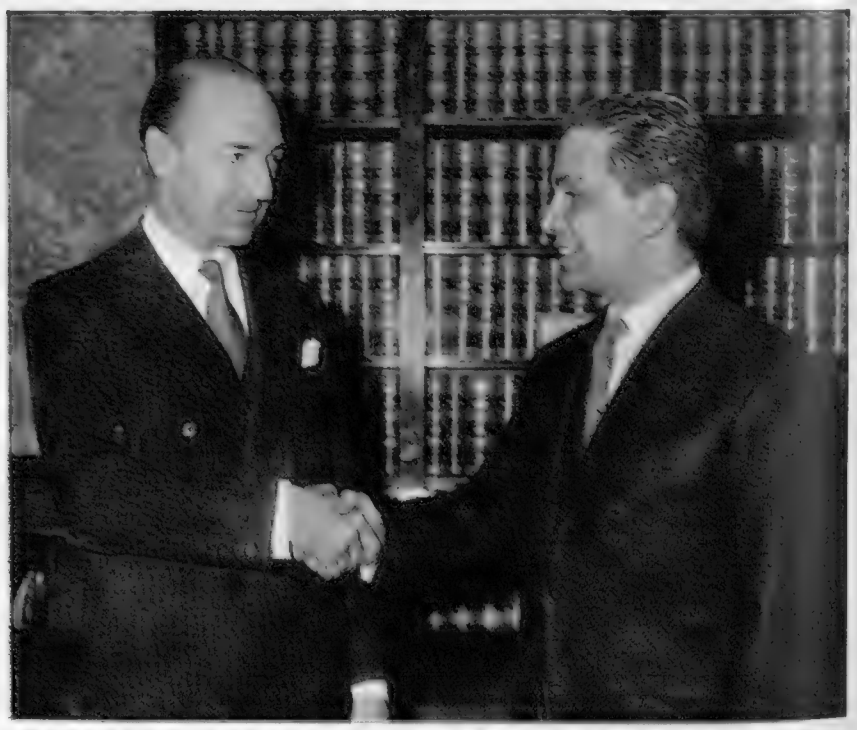
On right—

CEYLON'S NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER: Mr. Gunasena de Soyza is seen at his desk in London. He was previously High Commissioner from January to May 1958, after which he returned to Ceylon to take again the post of Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Defence and External Affairs.

On left—

A BUSINESS LUNCHEON IN LONDON: Mr. W. H. McFadzean (left), the President of the Federation of British Industries, talks with Mr. J. S. Roperson, the Chairman of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in London. The occasion was a luncheon given by the Chamber in honour of Mr. McFadzean, who addressed the members on the problems of the North American markets in relation to the recent formation of European Free Trade groups. Mr. McFadzean is Chairman and Managing Director of British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. and a member of the Executive Committee which is planning the organisation of the British Exhibition to be held in New York next June.

A £2,250,000 LOAN FROM BRITAIN TO MALAYA: Tunku Ya'acob (right), the High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya to Britain, and Mr. L. J. Menzies, the Secretary of the Exports Credits Department of the United Kingdom, sign an agreement in London. Under its terms, the United Kingdom Government is to make a loan of £2,250,000 to the Malayan Federation for the purchase of telecommunications equipment. The money is to be repaid by the end of 1969. The loan has been made in accordance with the British Government's policy of extending Commonwealth assistance loans from Exchequer funds.



THE NEW U.A.R. CHARGE D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON: Mr. Kamal Khalil shakes hands with Mr. John Profumo, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, at the Foreign Office, after presenting his letter of appointment. He arrived in England last week to become the first diplomatic representative of the U.A.R. in London. Britain and Egypt severed diplomatic relations in 1956 at the time of Suez; it was not until 1958 that the union between Egypt and Syria took place to form the United Arab Republic. Mr. Khalil, who is thirty-eight years old, was at one time a head of the research department of the Foreign Ministry in Cairo.

World Affairs

FRANCE AND THE NUCLEAR DILEMMA

By JOHN CONNELL

THE world of educational administration, in which I spent almost a decade, has a jargon of its own; one of its most frequently used phrases is " parity of esteem." In the larger, noisier and far more perilous world of nuclear armament, France had obviously long aspired, rather resentfully, towards parity of esteem; and her successful test of a nuclear device in the Sahara a fortnight ago was a first, intensely important step towards achieving it.

The magnitude of the French scientists' technical accomplishment has been lost sight of in the swirling clouds of propaganda and counter-propaganda with which it was immediately surrounded. They have, with far fewer resources at their disposal, caught up with earlier, arduously acquired knowledge in this field within a remarkably short span of years. They were compelled to " go it alone," and proved that they could do it successfully.

The other Great Powers—including even France's closest ally, the United Kingdom—have in the past fifteen years grossly underrated the importance, in French eyes, of parity of esteem. French pride was, in a sense, far more deeply injured by the treatment which France received from her allies during and after World War II than by her savage overthrow by Germany in 1940. There is a far sharper sense of humiliation in being belittled, snubbed and treated as of no account by your supposed friends, than in being stripped, beaten, manacled and tortured by your known enemy.

De Gaulle is now, as he has been since June 1940, the symbol and the embodiment of France's determination to rebuild her lost greatness. This means, as it has meant from the beginning, that he must be defiantly awkward with all those who, in his opinion, stand in the way of the fulfilment of this noble and natural aspiration. Inevitably the chief obstacles are now, as they always have been, his allies. This is a rigid, if ironical, pattern of history from which, it seems, he cannot escape. It has always been possible to construe every step he has taken to restore France's greatness not only as an affront to France's friends, but as a reckless disregard of the general interest.

This is the argument which he has had to counter again and again in his career. He has done it with a superb, undeviating and inflexible simplicity: it is not, he has always held, in the general interest that France should be small and enfeebled; it is in the general interest that France should be, in fact and not as a formal and barely courteous diplomatic fiction, a Great Power in every sense of the phrase.

Being a Great Power to-day means being an atomic Power. This was immediately and accurately appreciated by the Labour Government in the United Kingdom at the end of World War II: and they took swift, undoubtedly costly, steps to ensure that their recognition of it did not remain theoretical but was translated into practice. Where would we be now if Lord Attlee and his friends had not taken this momentous decision ? Would the world have been better off had there been an absolute American monopoly of nuclear armament suddenly and dramatically challenged by the Soviet Union in 1949 ? Has Britain's possession and development of atomic know-how been, over the past fifteen years, generally to the world's benefit or not ? We ought to face these questions and answer them squarely, without cant or evasion, before we launch into criticism of France because, as soon as she has been able, she has followed the road which we travelled a little earlier.

For weeks, indeed months, past it has been common knowledge that this test was going to be held in the Sahara. For weeks lengthening, I think, into months, there has been an almost constant patrol maintained by opponents of nuclear armament outside the French Embassy in London; they have adorned themselves with sandwich-boards, they have held cardboard placards aloft, they have handed leaflets galore to passers-by. To me, who live within a hundred yards of their beat, they have become almost a cosily familiar part of the domestic scene. Lately I have even refrained from asking them why they do not maintain a similar patrol outside the Soviet Embassy, and I have therefore been spared the wan, forbearing smile, which has become the conventional answer to this not irrelevant question.

However, on the night after the test had actually been made, the little picquet of protesters multiplied into a company, a couple of hundred or thereabouts in strength, with a loudspeaker car attached. An hour or so after dusk they marshalled, under cautious police guidance, on the pavement outside my house. The day's sleet-showers drifted away; the night was clear and very cold. They were patient, good, courteous and sad. There was an African, wearing at a rather rakish angle one of those chocolate-coloured felt flowerpot hats, which have become part of the insignia of African nationalism; there were eager, dishevelled young women with thick, bright blue stockings, very short skirts and high-heeled, sharply-pointed shoes; but, for the most part, the little throng was very ordinary, very classless, very English.

ANNOUNCING THE SUCCESS OF FRANCE'S FIRST ATOMIC BOMB: M. Messmer, French Minister of Armed Forces, addresses a Press conference in Paris. Sitting on right is M. Guillaumat, Minister of Atomic Energy. A few hours earlier France had exploded an atom bomb over the Sahara.

THE RUSH FOR VISUAL EVIDENCE: Representatives of the Press surround uniformed officials handing out pictures of the French nuclear test. The bomb was exploded near Reggane, an oasis in the desert some 900 miles south of Algiers.

At half-past seven they set off, in rather untidy threes, to march to Downing Street—though what they expected the present occupants of Downing Street to do about France's plan for nuclear armament was far from clear. They were few, desperately sincere, a little silly and quite powerless. For all the good they might accomplish, they could just as well have made their protest to me on my front doorstep, and spared themselves their chilly trudge through the City of Westminster. I thought of similar processions in the 1930's, of their futility and their folly; I felt no anger and no contempt, but only a deep, perplexed compassion. What would the Soviet Government make of a demonstration of this character? Why don't these worthy folk go and try it out in Red Square?

Nobody wants a nuclear war. Nobody wants the perils of an uncontrolled and unlimited series of atomic and hydrogen-bomb tests—certainly not the present French Government. Yet it has to be admitted that this is the risk which the French action, after seventeen months in which there has been a voluntary suspension of all tests (was there? Has the Soviet Union played perfectly fair? There are some who have doubt), has brought appreciably nearer.

One of the more sensible, as well as legible, placards paraded under my windows the other night read: " France Now. Why Not Egypt Next? " I confess I took the point. Here surely lies the danger of France's resolute gate-crashing of the nuclear club. This has hitherto been a highly exclusive institution; but there can be little doubt that its very existence, in this stubbornly monopolistic manner, has been largely instrumental in converting the cold war into an uneasy, but liveable peace. France certainly does not believe that her intrusion is likely to endanger that peace, but rather to strengthen it. This was made emphatically clear in official statements, by de Gaulle and others, in the aftermath of the Sahara test. But will France be the last and only gate-crasher ?

China is already believed to possess at least one nuclear reactor. India certainly possesses the scientific and technical capacity to produce one whenever she wishes, and said as much when the Sino-Indian border crisis was at its worst. In Israel certain experiments in the peaceful uses of atomic energy have reached an advanced stage, and her Arab neighbours, who live in a perpetual state of neurotic fear and suspicion about Israel's intentions, have convinced themselves that the Weizmann Institute at Rehovoth is an atomic-bomb factory and arsenal. These are only a few of the increasing number of examples of the way in which the nuclear club's exclusiveness is pretty ragged at the edges.

Foundation or near-foundation members have therefore tended to look at France's achievement with distaste and disapproval. De Gaulle is much too experienced in politics not to have foreseen that his reception would be frosty indeed, and he made obvious preparations to offset its effects as far as possible. There was not the faintest hint of a cheer in either Whitehall or Washington; and Moscow did not resist the temptation to make unscrupulous propaganda use of the explosion in all its African and Asian broadcasting transmission. Parity of esteem, however much it may be present, in potential, in French minds, is not, in France's relations with the rest of the world, going to be conceded at all lightly. This may therefore mean that the Sahara test will not be a solitary once-for-all experiment, but is the prelude to a series, leading ultimately to a full-scale hydrogen-bomb.

Such a contingency deserves the most serious consideration, because it intensifies and gives urgency to the nuclear dilemma. A more positive attitude than that of regretful rebuke, " naughty, intransigent France," is going to be required in the very near future. On the diplomatic plane it is perhaps time to realise that France's resentments may have some justification, and that if she is treated as a Great Power, she will act with appropriate responsibility and forbearance. This cannot be said of various others who may subsequently aspire to membership of the nuclear club. On the plane of global strategy—the plane, that is, of the control of these appalling weapons, and the preventing of their sudden and disastrous employment—France may similarly be expected to be wise and responsible. These political virtues are not entirely confined to the English-speaking peoples, though it is a little chastening to be reminded of this fact so forcibly.

They are virtues, however, without which it will be impossible to solve the nuclear dilemma. France's action has brought the dilemma off the academic, fairly safe shelf where it has reposed for the past year or so, and has made it a real, immediate issue. It is very seldom that anyone of my political outlook and temper admits agreement with Bertrand Russell. But when he observed the other day that either man would abolish war or war would abolish man (it was clear that he was referring to nuclear war) he put into a pithy epigram a sentiment with which I completely concur.

A WINTRY SCENE IN VENICE: Long icicles festoon the landing stages of the Molo, the chief station of the gondolas on the Canale di San Marco. Behind them can be see a long line of poles used to moor these elegant craft. In the distance on the right is Santa Maria della Salute, with its famous dome built by Longhena in the seventeen century in thanksgiving for the deliverance of Venice from the plague. Recently the city has experienced a long cold spell, with temperatures often at freezing point

VENICE IN THE GRIP OF WINTER

Snow and Ice on the Canals of the City

During the winter months, Venice presents a differen picture from the one which the summer touris knows. Every year, when there are heavy rains o falls of snow in Northern Italy, the water rises i the lagoon and the many canals which wind throug the city. The great Square of St. Mark's, with it ornate colonnades and statues, is flooded and Venetians are forced to use footbridges, or don heavy rubber boots, to cross the marble paving which in summer is crowded with visitors feeding the pigeons.

Most of the city's trade is carried on along the 150 canals formed as the city grew on the 117 islets in the lagoon protected by the natural breakwater of the Lido. During a prolonged period of cold weather earlier this month, many of these canals and parts of the Lagoon became covered by ice. This made the passage of the small launches and other craft very hazardous. During this time there was a fall of snow, which gave an unusual appearance to the colourful and ornate buildings. Their architecture owes much to Byzantine influences and the hot climates of the Middle East. Discouraging the casual visitor to Venice during February there were not only ice and snow, but also periods of dense fog.

On left—

IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE: Snow covers the famous Venetian piazza and the dignified arcades which surround it. On the left is part of the Basilica of St. Mark, with one of its five domes visible at the top of the picture. On the right is the Doge's Palace, its semi-Oriental grandeur decorated by the dazzling snow

On right—

FLOODING IN THE CITY: Venetians use an improvised footbridge to cross the foot of the Piazzetta, after the Canale di San Marco has overflowed its banks. One of the gondolas moored to the landing stage has broken away and is near the foot of the famous column from the Levant bearing a winged lion. The building on the right is the Old Library, finished by Scamozzi, and called by Palladio the most beautiful building erected since Græco-Roman times. On the far side of the Canale di San Marco is Santa Maria della Salute. Venice is often flooded during the winter months, after there have been exceptionally high tides or prolonged rain over Northern Italy. This February, Venice has presented a bleak and deserted appearance. Few of the gondolas have been in use during the cold weather, which saw snow covering much of the city and ice in the canals. This was followed by days of low temperatures, and several periods of heavy fog.

Below—

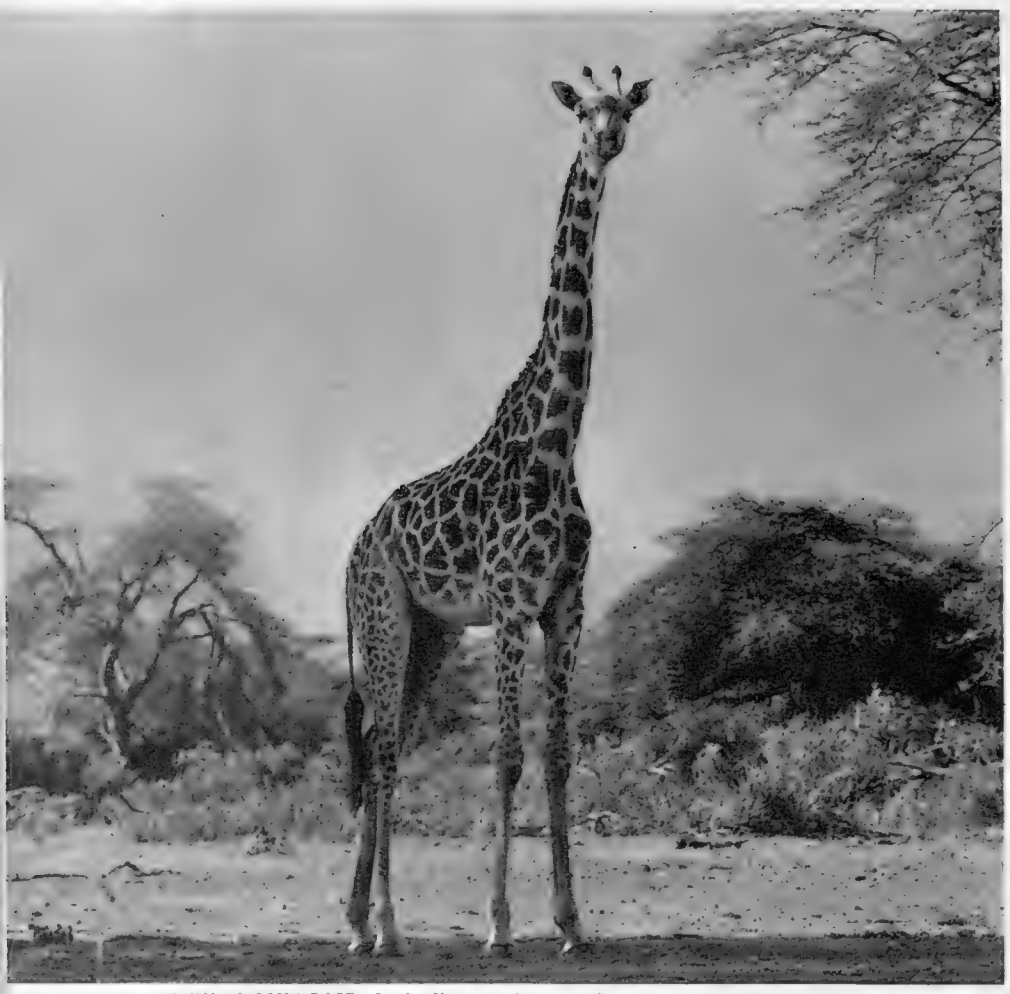
COVERED BY WATER: Floodwater ripples over the paving stones of the Piazzetta leading from St. Mark's Square to the canal. Venetians use improvised footbridges to get about, or wade in thigh-length boots. Right is the Old Library.

GONDOLAS IN THE SNOW: A number of these elegant craft, moored and deserted in the Canale di San Marco, present an unusual appearance covered in a thick mantle of snow.

FLOCKS OF FLAMINGOES: These long-legged birds, with their delicately rose-tinted plumage, are feeding in the shallow salty waters of Lake Manyara, near the little village of Mto-wa-Mbu (Swahili for "river of mosquitoes"), in the northern province of Tanganyika. Flamingoes are protected throughout the Trust Territory, whose game reserves contain some of the finest collections of wild animals to be found anywhere.

WILD LIFE IN TANGANYIKA

In the National Park and Game Reserves Many Remarkable Animals Can Be Seen



IN STATUESQUE POSE: A giraffe gravely regards the photographer in a game reserve in Northern Tanganyika. There are certain species of animals, including the giraffe, which may not be killed or captured in Tanganyika. They are called Royal Game.

NOT OFTEN ON VIEW: On the rocky shores of Lake Victoria, an otter enjoys a meal of a large fish which it has just caught. There are one National Park and ten Game Reserves in Tanganyika in which all wild life is fully protected. Not even vermin may be killed.

Possibly nowhere else in the world can the visitor see such an abundance and variety of wild animals as in the National Park and Game Reserves of Tanganyika. For years Africa has been a lure for game-hunters from all over the world; under the hot sun on the grassy plains many thousands of animals have been shot—elephants, lions, leopards and many varieties of deer. To-day hunting is strictly controlled over the 360,000 square miles of the Trust Territory lying in the heart of the continent. It stretches from the Indian ocean to Lake Victoria and contains the famous peak of Kilimanjaro.

Serengeti National Park, an area of 4,450 square miles in the north, is the most famous lion country in the world. There can be found the majestic black-maned lion, and prides of up to twenty are a not uncommon sight. Over the plain vast herds of game roam at will; in an hour or two it is possible to see more than 10,000 wildebeest, zebra, gazelle, hartebeest, eland and giraffe. In the more wooded areas buffaloes move in herds of up to several hundred, while on the granite outcrops that rise out of the rolling parkland, the klipspringer, a small buck with outsize hooves for rock-climbing, leaps from rock to rock. In the dense vegetation along the river-beds which intersect the savannah, leopards and cheetahs can be found. The National Park has many other animals, including elephant and rhinoceros.

Apart from Serengeti, Ngurdoto Crater, on the flanks of Mount Meru, Kilimanjaro's neighbour, and Lake Manyara, in the Great Rift Valley, have been scheduled as National Parks. Tanganyika also has ten Game Reserves, in which, as in National Parks, all wild life is protected. Not even vermin may be killed or captured. But whereas there are facilities at Serengeti for visitors, the Game Reserves are principally intended for the conservation of animals. Although visitors are allowed to enter on permits, these are strictly controlled to prevent the wild life from being too much disturbed.

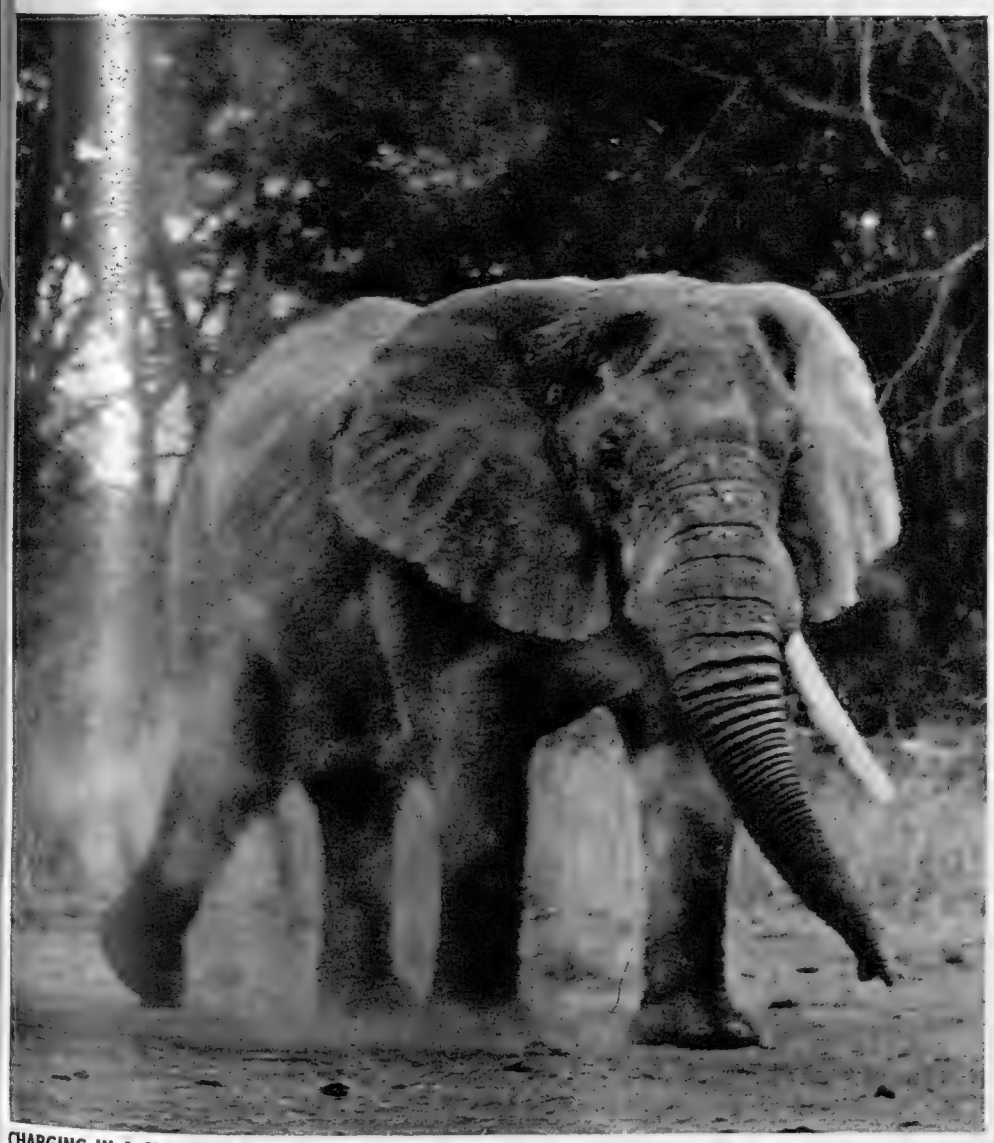
In addition, there are controlled areas where game may be hunted on a game warden's permit. These are aimed at limiting the killing of each species to an annual quota, to maintain the stock. Outside these areas, which cover thousands of square miles, various other types of game licence are issued.

The Selous Game Reserve is noted for the biggest elephant population in the African continent. But contrary to the romantic tales of boyhood, there is no elephant's graveyard to be found there—no secret swamp where the elephants go to die, leaving vast piles of valuable ivory tusks to be found by the lucky explorer. Like all other species of wild life, the elephant just lies down and dies anywhere. Selous is one of several game reserves which date from the German administration which ended in 1918.

Rhinoceros are plentiful in many of the reserves from the forests of Mount Meru and Kilimanjaro to the bush of the Tarangire Reserve. One of Tanganyika's rarest animals, the chimpanzee, is found in the small Gombe Stream Game Reserve on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. A famous place for wild life is the Ngorongoro Crater, which was recently separated from Serengeti and has become a controlled area to enable the Masai to graze their cattle, while leaving the wild animals unmolested. Not more than 30 miles away is Lake Manyara Reserve, where there is a great variety of bird life. A luxury hotel is being built on the Rift wall, 1,000 ft. above the lake, complete with telescopes for visitors' use.

There are certain species of animal which cannot be killed or captured throughout the territory. They are called Royal Game and include the country's symbol—the giraffe; cheetah, chimpanzee, aardvark, aardwolf (a species of hyena), pangolin (scaly anteater), and the red colobus monkey. The rhinoceros has been temporarily added to the list, since their numbers have become much depleted. Other rare species include the Sitatunga, an antelope which lives in papyrus swamps and has hooves so elongated that it can walk over mud without sinking.

WILDEBEEST ON THE MOVE: Herds of these animals, which somewhat resemble bison, search for fresh grazing. Rising to 15,000 ft. in the background is the rim of the Ngorongoro crater. Wildebeest, or gnu, move in herds of thousands. They are found only in Africa. Ngorongoro crater is a basin 15 miles across, set in a volcanic massif, near Serengeti National Park.



CHARGING IN A CLOUD OF DUST: This bush elephant at Longido, in Northern Province, is notorious for its bad temper. It has only one tusk; tuskless or single-tusk elephants are often vicious. An elephant can reach a speed of 25 m.p.h. The African variety is more savage than the Indian.

SUSPICIOUS AND READY TO CHARGE: The rhinoceros stands poised on the open plain of the Serengeti National Park. Notwithstanding its great bulk, the rhinoceros is agile and is also unpredictable. It is sometimes ferocious.

A RECEPTION FOR THE PERUVIAN PRESIDENT: At the Elysée Palace, in Paris, from left to right are Madame de Gaulle; Señor Manuel Prado, the President of Peru; General de Gaulle; and Señora Prado. Señor Prado and his wife, accompanied by the Peruvian Foreign Minister, Dr. Raul Pòrras Barrenechea, arrived in France at the beginning of last week on a four-day State visit. They were met by President de Gaulle, who later accompanied President Prado who went to lay a wreath at the Arc de Triomphe. The Peruvian President and his wife were due to pay a four-day official visit to Britain after their stay in France.

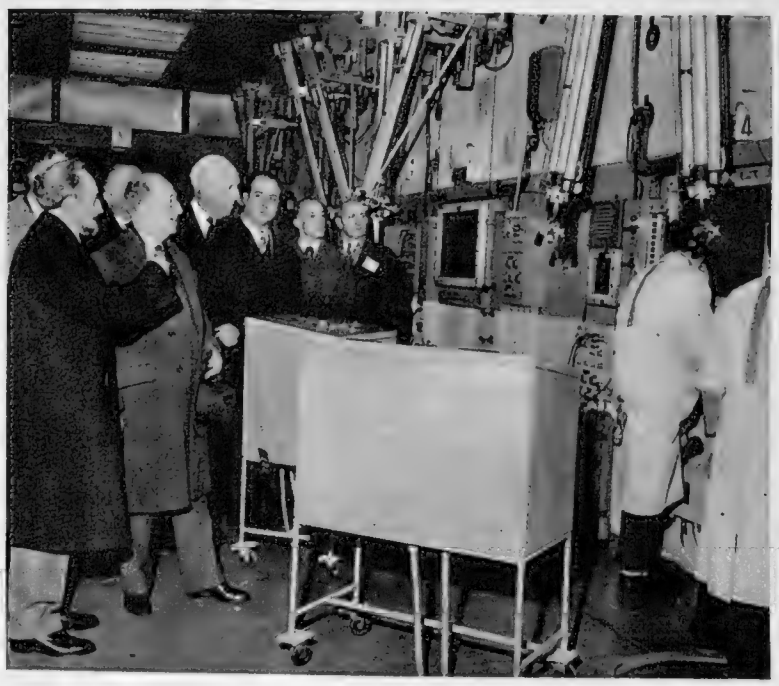
STATE VISIT TO FRANCE

Señor Prado, the President of Peru, in Paris

On right—

GUESTS FOR LUNCHEON: Outside the Hotel Matignon, the Peruvian President and his wife pose for the photographers, while behind them are the French Premier, M. Debré, and his wife.

AT THE ELYSEE PALACE: At the official reception, President Prado is seen with General de Gaulle. The Peruvian President was elected for his six-year period of office on June 28, 1956.



On left—

AT THE FRENCH ATOMIC CENTRE AT SACLAY: President Prado examines some of the complicated equipment as he passes through the nuclear-handling devices hall. He was conducted on his tour by M. Perrin, the French High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, one of the men responsible for the development of the atomic device exploded by the French in the Sahara. During the Peruvian State visit, the political repercussions of the explosion were still reverberating round Paris. There were reports the French were working on a hydrogen bomb.

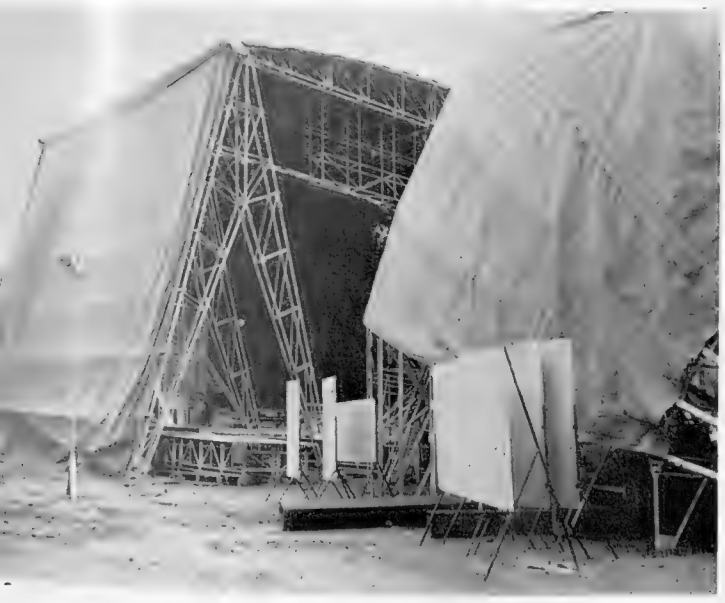
ROME PREPARES

Road Improvements for the 1960 Olympic Games; A Remarkable New Travelling Theatre

Below—

In the Borghese Gardens in Rome the Italian actor Vittorio Gassman has been trying out a new idea in travelling theatres. A combination of the shapes of the theatre and the circus, it is constructed out of scaffolding and canvas. Basically it is in the shape of a cube placed next to a hemisphere. The dome, resembling the circus Big Top, has a diameter of nearly 160 ft. and can seat, it is estimated, 3,000 people, an audience which compares in size with those which the largest European theatres hold. The vast stage forms the cube, made of canvas stretched over a scaffolding framework, which also carries the lighting and other equipment. It is 118 ft. wide, 72 ft. deep, and 52 ft. high. The whole construction can be dismantled and loaded on to ten lorries. It was designed in this way by the Italian architect, Alberto Spinelli, because Vittorio Gassman wanted a theatre which he could erect in various places in Italy which do not possess modern theatrical facilities. The new travelling theatre can be put up in three days.

UNDER THE BIG TOP: As workmen erect the theatre, the shape of Vittorio Gassman's new venture is clearly visible. Background is the cube of the stage built on to the circular auditorium.



FROM THE OUTSIDE: Left is the stage section of the new theatre, a skeleton of scaffolding covered in canvas, and right the domed auditorium. The theatre is estimated to seat 3,000 people.

PREPARING FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN ROME: The embankment route along the Tiber is being widened to allow for the vast volume of traffic between the two main centres of the Olympic Games, one to the north of the river and the other to the south. Foreground is the Ponte Flaminio and background the Ponte Milvio. A large amount of traffic improvements are being carried out in Rome in anticipation of the arrival of many thousands of visitors for the 1960 Games this summer. The various facilities, stadiums, swimming pools, running tracks and tourist camps are situated in different parts of the capital. But the main centres are the Foro Italico, on the north bank, and the Olympic Village to the south. The Foro Italico was built in 1931, and contains two vast stadiums, as well as other facilities. In the Olympic Village some impressive modern buildings have been constructed, including the Turin stadium for football matches and the Little Sports Palace for boxing and wrestling.

ROAD WIDENING IN ROME: The route in front of the Pincio gate is being reconstructed. It leads to the Via Veneto (left) and the Borghese Gardens (right). During the work several ancient trees were cut down. The Olympic Games open in Rome on August 25. Over 8,000 athletes will be taking part this year.

C

A NEW PLAN FOR A SECTION OF THE CITY OF LONDON: A photograph of the model of the proposed Tower Hill Precinct has been superimposed on an aerial picture of the Tower and its environs. A feature of the development plan is a number of new office blocks. Objections have been made to the S-shaped building in centre left. It is claimed the structure would obscure the historic view of All Hallows Church (to its right) from the entrance to the Tower by the Drawbridge (which is on the bank near the pier jutting into the river).

TOWER HILL CONTROVERSY

The Development Plan for a Historic London Area and Objections to it

TOWARDS the end of last year plans were announced for the development of one of the City of London's most historic areas—the Tower and Tower Hill. For a long time the district has been congested with traffic and some of the buildings surrounding the streets have been in a state of disrepair.

A joint scheme—known as the Tower Hill Precinct—was prepared by the London County Council and the City Corporation, in consultation with other interested bodies. The proposals envisage the Tower and Tower Hill as the focal points of the planning. Certain old buildings in their environs will be demolished and new office blocks raised in their places. The road system will be reorganised and at least one new thoroughfare constructed. A promenade for pedestrians should run from Trinity Square down to the river Thames above Tower Bridge. The intention is that a section of the north bank of the Thames will combine old with new in the Tower Hill Precinct.

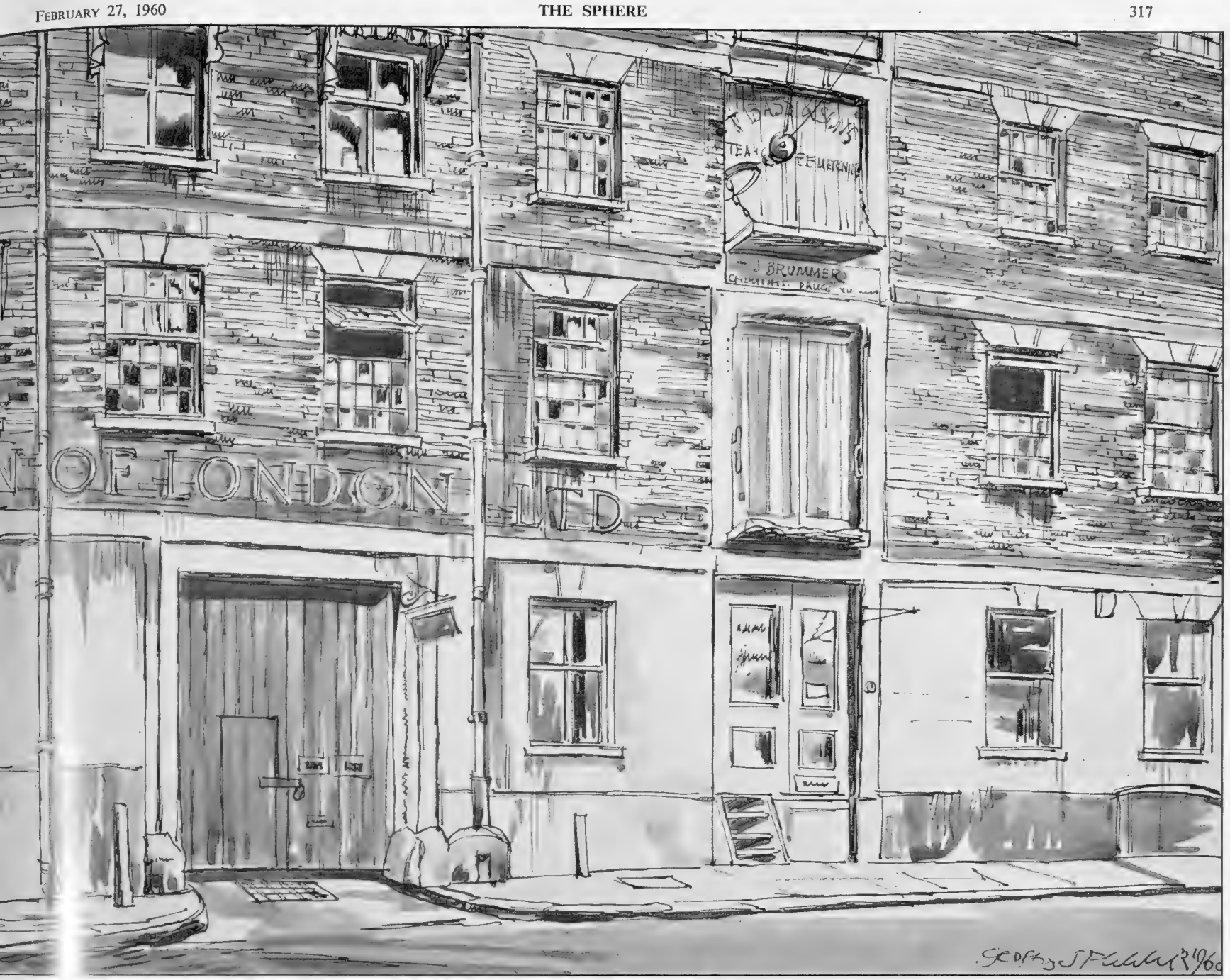
As always happens with proposals for maintaining tradition with contemporary ideas, controversy ensued. Some people connected with the area objected that Tower Hill was of such historic value that great care must be taken to preserve, if not enhance, its unique features. Many of their criticisms were met by the planning authorities. But on December 12 a letter appeared in *The Times* above distinguished signatures, alleging that one vital aspect of the area might be sacrificed.

The signatories included Lord Wilson, Constable of the Tower; Sir G. Curteis, Deputy Master of Trinity House, and the Rev. P. B. Clayton, Vicar of All Hallows Church, close to the Tower. They claimed that an S-shaped office block scheduled to be erected between the church and the river would obscure a historic view of All Hallows. This is the view seen from the Drawbridge entrance to the Tower and is often pointed out by guides at the start of a tour of the Tower.

Earlier this month Mr. Clayton was a member of an all-party deputation, led by Mr. John Parker, Labour M.P. for Dagenham, which was received by Mr. Henry Brooke, the Minister of Housing and Local Government. It was reported that the only difference of opinion concerned the siting of the S building in relation to All Hallows Church. The deputation suggested that they should employ an architect to draw up an alternative design. Mr. Brooke spent an hour and a half listening to their views.

On left—

EASING CONGESTION AND IMPROVING THE SCENE: The model for the Tower Hill Precinct demonstrates some of its virtues. To-day the area is heavily congested with traffic, and certain buildings are war-damaged and derelict. From the end of Lower Thames Street (right foreground) a new road would run past Great Tower Street and the curved end of Trinity Square to the junction with Tower Bridge Approach. From Trinity Square there would be a promenade to the Thames.



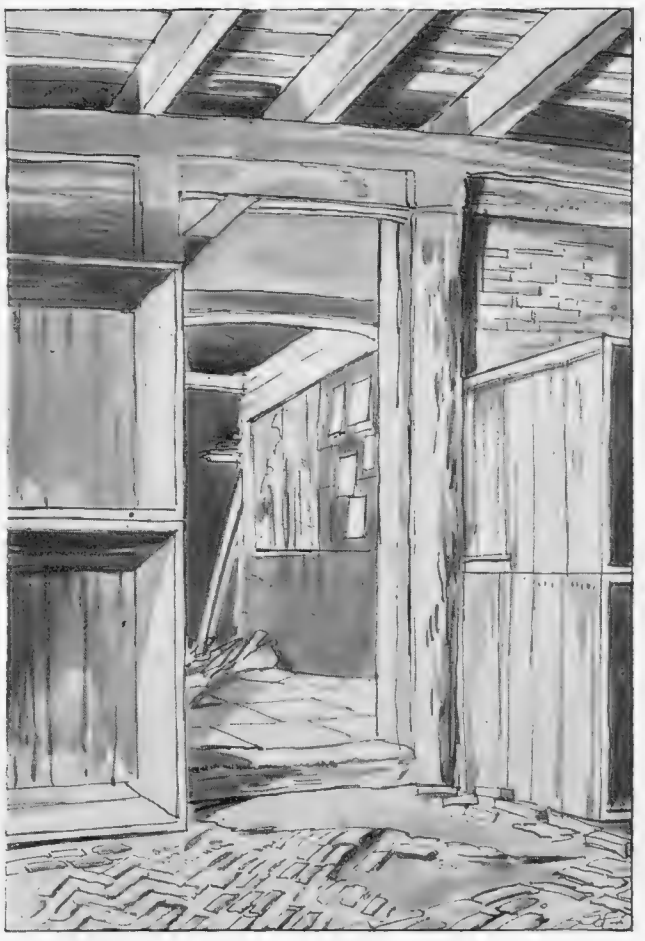
A STREET WITH HISTORIC NAVAL ASSOCIATIONS: Sir William Winter's house is in Seething Lane. It is a Georgian building embodying remains from much earlier dates and is to be demolished as part of the Tower Hill Precinct development. Sir William occupied a house on this site during the Elizabethan period. He was an admiral of distinction who had a high command in the English fleet which repulsed the Armada. Some authorities hold that he was responsible for suggesting the use of the fireships against the Spaniards. Less than 100 years later, in a nearby building, Seething Lane had another resident, famous in the history of the Royal Navy, Samuel Pepys, who lived at the old Naval Office and referred frequently to the Lane as "our Lane." Much of the Diary was written during his time here. Greatest of all naval names, Nelson, is also associated with the Navy Office. When he passed his examination for his lieutenancy, he was living there with his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, then Comptroller of the Navy. The old Navy Office was removed in 1788.

On left—

A FAMOUS INN WHICH MAY SOON DISAPPEAR: The Tiger stands on the corner of Lower Thames Street and Tower Hill. The inn and other premises adjoining it will be pulled down if the Tower Precinct plan is carried out in its entirety. As it is to-day, much of the fabric of the Tiger is comparatively modern. But a tavern has stood on this site since the sixteenth century. No doubt in time past, refreshment was supplied to those who came to enjoy the spectacle of a public execution on Tower Hill.

On right—

AN ANCIENT INTERIOR: The stone floor of Sir William Winter's house in Seething Lane has a herring-bone pattern. In Stow's *Survey of London* (compiled between 1598 and 1603) mention is made of the house having an inner courtyard, which would have presumably been an open quadrangle. Seething Lane runs into Eastcheap and is in the area which was probably the centre of Roman London. In the Middle Ages the monastery of Crutched Friars ran along one side of the Lane.



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FOR THE SAFETY OF THOSE AT SEA: *Above*—**The old lighthouse at Dungeness, in Kent, is being superseded by a new lighthouse, seen in left background. A nuclear power station being built nearby will mask the beam of the old lighthouse.** *On right*—**The new lighthouse is ready for the installation of its lamp, the operation of which is electronically controlled. The structure rises 130 ft. from its concrete base.**

LIGHTHOUSES OLD AND NEW

An Electronic Robot Replaces a Familiar Landmark at Dungeness

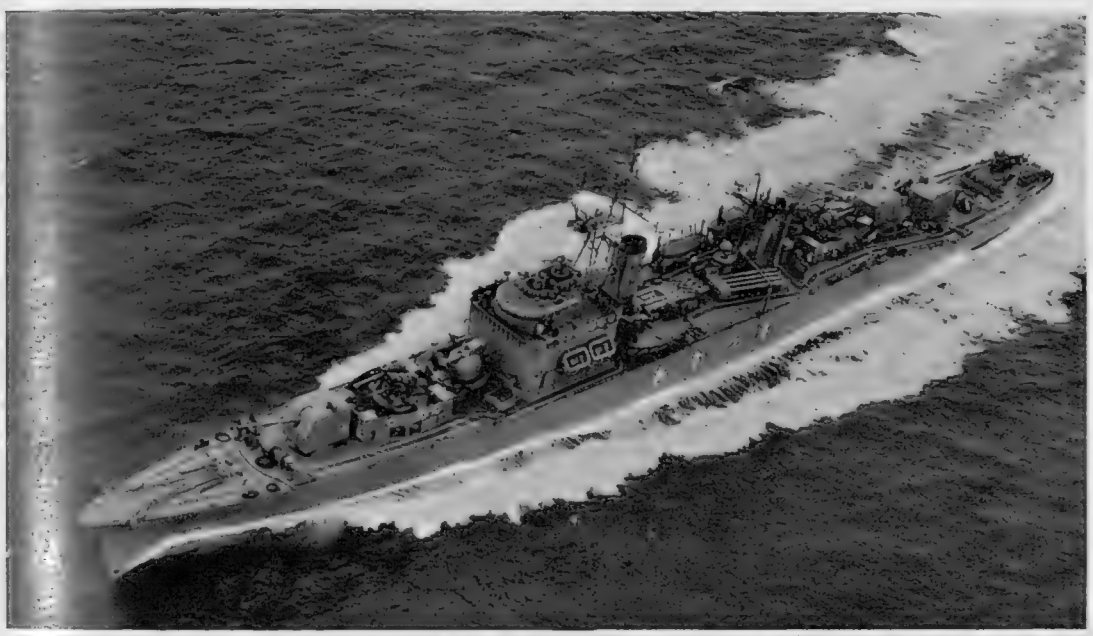
Revolutionary is the word which has been properly applied to the new lighthouse at Dungeness. It is to replace the old lighthouse, the beam of which will be hidden in the westerly direction by the construction of a nuclear power station. The new and first major lighthouse to be built in Britain since the start of this century has a concrete base enclosing the machine-room. Above is a slender 130-ft. tower of prestressed concrete drums. High tensile steel wires run through the walls from top to bottom. The overall diameter of the tower is 12 ft. and the walls are no more than 6 ins. thick. The lamp which has now been installed is of entirely new design. Small in size and cheap to produce, it gives a light three times as powerful as the existing 212,000 candle-power paraffin light in the old lighthouse. Enclosed in a patterned band below the new light is the fog signal unit. This is automatically set in action when warned of the incidence of fog by the Trinity House fog detector. The presence, nearby, of the nuclear power station has necessitated a special precaution. In the event of an emergency the lighthouse might have to be evacuated. So electronic equipment will control the sequence of operations.

IN DISTANT WATERS

"Victorious" in Germany; a Destroyer for Japan; "Capetown Castle"

On left—

A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER VISITS HAMBURG: H.M.S. *Victorious* is berthed in the harbour of the West German city. On the flight-deck are ranged the vessel's jet aircraft. Arriving in Hamburg on February 14, *Victorious* was paying a five-day courtesy call. On board was Vice-Admiral C. L. G. Evans, Flag Officer, Aircraft-Carriers. *Victorious* is said to be among the best equipped aircraft-carriers in the world. She was launched in 1937, but was virtually rebuilt between 1950 and 1958. She carries fifty-four aircraft in peacetime and is at present equipped with Scimitars, Sea Venoms and Skyraiders. Her flight-deck, 775 ft. long, is strong enough to take the heaviest naval aircraft, including the new Blackburn N.A.39.



A NEW JAPANESE WARSHIP: The 2,388-ton destroyer *Akizuki* ploughs through the sea at speed during her final trials. Laid down in July 1958, the vessel was completed in January of this year. With her sister-ship *Teruzuki*, which will be the flagship of the Japanese Maritime Self Defence Force, *Akizuki* was built in Japan under the 1957 United States Military Aid Programme. Both destroyers were designed as flotilla leaders to serve as senior officers' ships. They are the largest vessels in the Japanese Navy. Among the equipment of each ship are two homing torpedo launchers and two radar systems. Maximum speed is 32 knots. "Akizuki" means Autumn Moon and "Teruzuki" means Shining Moon.

OPEN DAY FOR "VICTORIOUS" IN HAMBURG: The "railway engine" pulling a wagon-load of children on the lift is a converted tractor normally used for manœuvring aircraft.

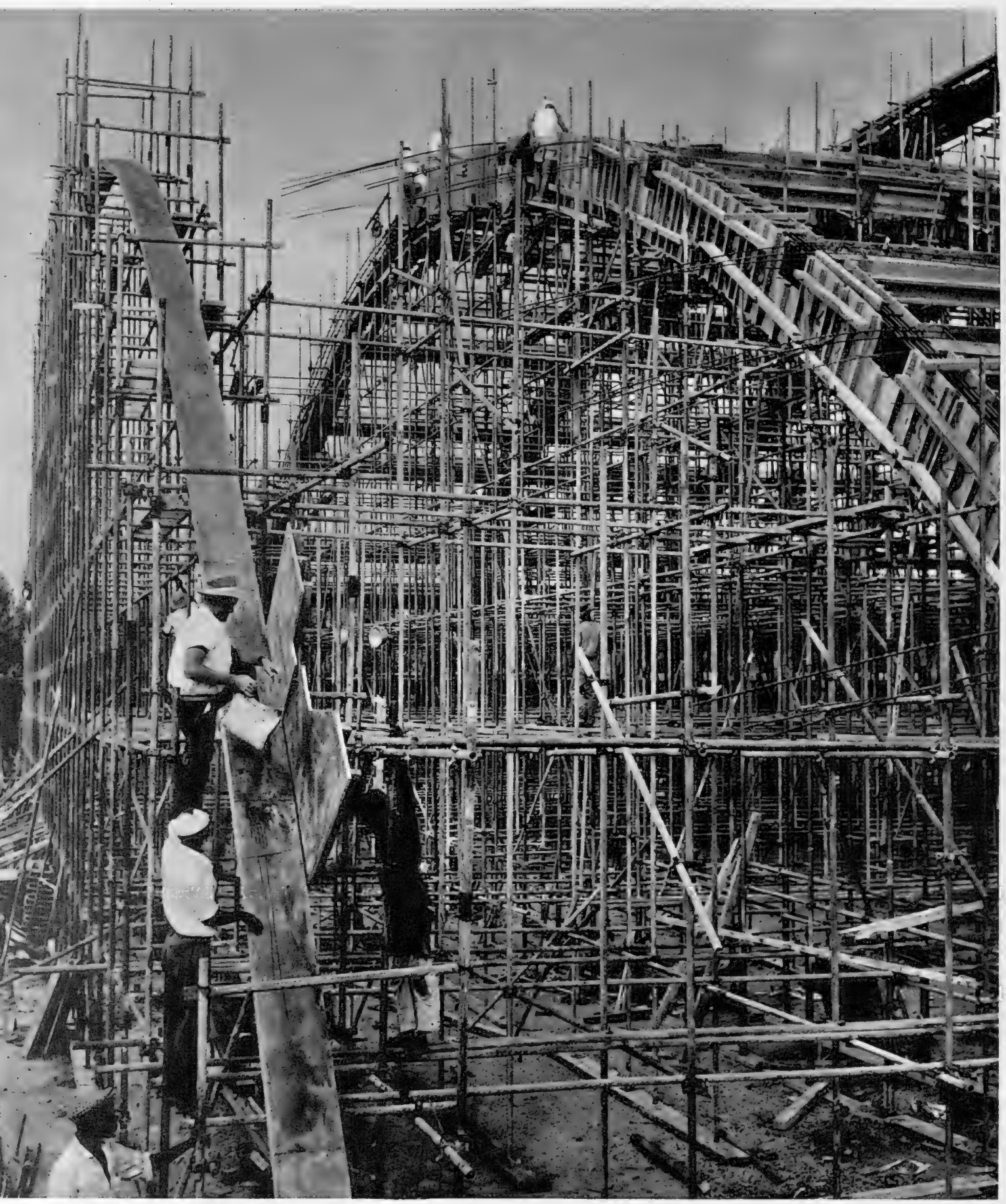
A LINER WITH IMPORTANT PASSENGERS: An R.A.F. Shackleton aircraft from 224 Squadron, based at Gibraltar, flies low in salute as it overtakes the Union-Castle liner *Capetown Castle* 225 miles from the Canary Islands. On board the vessel were Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, homeward-bound from their 17,000-mile tour of Africa. The Prime Minister and his wife embarked in the liner at Cape Town on February 5, and disembarked at Las Palmas on Monday of last week. They then flew to London.

SYMBOL OF AFRICA'S FUTURE

The Central African Trade Fair, to be Opened by the Queen Mother in May

When Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in May, one of her engagements will be to open the Central African Trade Fair and the Royal Agricultural Show at Bulawayo, in Southern Rhodesia. The trade fair and the agricultural show, to be held in conjunction, will be staged at the 64-acre showground of the Bulawayo Agricultural Society. The site is within a mile of the heart of the city. The road leading to the ground is a new 60-ft.-wide dual-carriageway which terminates at a 175-ft.-high skylon, the emblem of the trade fair. Surrounding the skylon will be lawns, in the middle of which fountains will play. Situated on the circumference of the central circle will be the Government and other main pavilions, and a restaurant overlooking the display arenas. Roads, bearing the names of Rhodesian animals, will radiate to all sections of the exhibition. One of the most prominent buildings will be the Great Hall which will be used by exhibitors requiring covered space. A permanent building, the hall will later be used for shows and conventions of all kinds.

The trade fair in May will be the first of its kind and it is intended to hold a similar exhibition every year to show the expansion of the Federation's industry and commerce. Encouragement to participate has been given to other countries in southern Africa. Support has been received from lands overseas with interests in the Federation. There will be exhibitions illustrating the early development of the country through commerce; agriculture and ranching; mining, including the Copperbelt area and the Federation's untapped resources; the secondary industries and their potentials; and the absorption of native manpower into an expanding economy. Mr. Macmillan, on his return last week from his tour of Africa, spoke of the extraordinary economic progress that has taken place in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in the past few years. The trade fair, a symbol of the country's future, provides visible evidence of this.



THE CENTRAL AFRICAN TRADE FAIR: The workmen are engaged on the construction of the Great Hall on the Bulawayo Agricultural Society's showground. The building will consist of a single-span arch, 200 ft. wide. It will be 250 ft. long and will provide a floor space of about 26,000 sq. ft. The first annual Central African Trade Fair and the Royal Agricultural Show will be opened by the Queen Mother on May 14. The agricultural show, which is staged in turn every six years in Bulawayo and Salisbury, will continue for four days, and the trade fair for a period of ten days.

On right—

AT THE FOOT OF THE EMBLEM OF THE FAIR: The skylon, the centrepiece of the Central African Trade Fair, is being constructed. The folded slab roof will shelter offices and a broadcasting studio, which will have walls made of glass. The main contractors for the buildings of the trade fair are Richard Costain (Africa).

THE SETTING FOR THE FAIR: The three legs of the skylon converge 50 ft. above the ground to form the three-finned, 175-ft.-tall spire. In the foreground construction of the Federal Hall is continuing. Leading into Bulawayo in the background is the new 60-ft.-wide road. Bulawayo is in a favourable position as the venue of the fair. It is the country's main distributive centre, being the hub of the railway system and the nearest point of entry for trade with South Africa. It is also the centre of the farming area of Matabeleland.

ALONG THE DALMATIAN COAST

Holidays on the Stretch of Coast Between Rijeka and Ulcinj, Which Provides Sunshine, Attractive Beaches and Ancient Buildings

By GORDON COOPER

DUBROVNIK: From just inside the ramparts of this ancient walled town, the steps lead downwards towards the centre. No traffic is allowed in the streets of the Dalmatian resort, which is known as "The Pearl of the Adriatic." Every year in July Dubrovnik holds a festival.

BETWEEN Rijeka in the north and Ulcinj in the south lies the fabulous coast of Dalmatia. Actually, this coastline could include the Istrian peninsula, which extends from Rijeka to the Italian-Yugoslav frontier near Trieste. If you follow the whole length of the coast, ignoring the thousand or so islands, there is over 1,200 miles of it. This abundantly indented stretch is undoubtedly the most attractive part of the country for foreign tourists, who seek the warm sunshine, the fine beaches and the untouched beauty of the Mediterranean landscape. In addition, there are numerous traces of old culture dating back to past centuries.

Flying out to Zagreb, a motor-coach brought me to Rijeka, an important port, but of little interest to the holidaymaker. There, having missed the last bus to Portoroz, I hired a taxi, the driver of which had a very vague idea about the tariff. However, we came to a satisfactory arrangement and I arrived at Portoroz, a fashionable resort, in time for a late dinner. It has many hotels and is a pleasant spot for a holiday, especially as it has the advantage of being cooler than Southern Dalmatia, and is much nearer home.

Within easy reach of Portoroz to the north is Piran, an ancient seaport which is very picturesque, with the towers and pinnacles of an old fortress stretching skywards among olive groves. On a prominent terrace is the cathedral. Next comes Koper, with a fascinating Venetian square.

Travelling south from Portoroz, I came to Porec, a former Venetian settlement, with many lovely buildings in its streets, and a fine sixth-century basilica (with mosaics). This town is a holiday resort, and there is a fine camping site at its Blue Lagoon. Continuing, I came to Rovinj, another place of charm and character, but rather deficient in suitable hotel accommodation. The local wines, however, are excellent; and this town would certainly appeal to artists.

I moved on to lodge at Pula, where during the rule of Augustus and his successors many magnificent Roman monuments were constructed. The largest of these is the great amphitheatre, built to hold 23,000 spectators, and still used to-day to stage operatic performances and concerts. Other fine Roman remains include a Temple of Augustus and two beautiful triumphal arches. Not far from Pula is the island of Brioni (not open to the public), where Marshal Tito has one of his several holiday homes. For the escapist, there is the Ribarska Koliba (Fisherman's Hut), a few miles distant from Pula, where it would be pleasant to spend a quiet holiday in a modest inn beside the sea.

The eastern side of the Istrian Peninsula is not of tourist interest until one reaches the stretch which is known as the Kvarner Riviera. Here the outstanding resort is Opatija, while the nearby village of Lovran is also attractive. Two quieter resorts are Medveja and Moscenicka Draga (especially recommended for children). Opatija is well organised for entertainments and excursions, but the bathing facilities are not outstanding. Perhaps the chief attraction of this resort is its Kvarner Hotel, one of the best-run in Yugoslavia.

From Rijeka there are regular shipping services southwards along the Dalmatian coast, and it is not difficult to plan a suitable itinerary, possibly making stop-over halts at one or other of the islands and resorts. These ships, especially the more modern ones, are well equipped for cabin accommodation and provide satisfactory meals. In my own case, I made short stays at Rab, Zadar, Split, Hvar, Korcula, Dubrovnik and Budvah.

Ten miles south from Rijeka is the quite popular resort of Crikvenica, which will appeal to visitors with young children. The beach there is sandy and the water shallow and warm. There are several satisfactory hotels. Almost adjoining this town is the quieter resort of Selce. A few miles farther on is Novi Vinodol, a hilly town with an interesting history. Farther on again is Senj, but it is too windswept to be agreeable for a holiday.

Now I bring you to Rab (four hours by sea from Rijeka), one of the best known and most interesting of the northern islands. The little town is contained on a narrow peninsula, and there is practically no motor traffic —a boon for those who dislike noise. There are, however, plenty of guttural sounds from the hordes of German tourists who invade this delectable spot, with its narrow streets and fine old houses.

Zadar, my next port of call, is reached after passing countless islands, most of them uninhabited and off the routes of the passenger steamers. It was once the capital of Dalmatia, and despite considerable war damage, it has some interesting monuments, including the cathedral and other churches. I found the cuisine at the Imperial Hotel to be most enticing. Not far from Zadar is the bathing beach of Boric, where there is also a pleasant hotel. Then, for the adventurous, the local PUTNIK office arranges fourteen-day floating holidays along the coast on 80-ton motor-sailing boats.

I missed, unfortunately, a visit to Sibenik, which possesses one of the finest cathedrals on the coast. It can be reached by road and rail from Split. I feel that this largest church in the world to be entirely constructed of stone demands a longer stay than is usual in Split in order to visit it. Split itself is fascinating, and I could gladly spend a week or more there, not least because I found its Park Hotel delightful.

There are many sights to be visited: Diocletian's vast palace is a world's wonder, and the newly excavated monumental halls are most impressive; the Mestrovic Museum (just outside the town) contains a comprehensive display of this great sculptor's work, while nearby is the chapel he designed; Solin (birthplace of Diocletian) with its important Roman remains; and, not to be missed, the enchanting medieval island town of Trogir. Here you will find a breathtaking loveliness of architectural line and form.

Inside this midget city, permeated by memories of the past, almost every building is eye-catching. The gem is the thirteenth-century Cathedral of St. Lawrence, with its elaborately carved doorway and its exquisite Chapel of St. John. Adjoining this church is the small main square, with a lovely loggia, Town Hall and Renaissance clock tower. Above all, I would suggest that you do

BY AIR TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: NEW CAR-CARRYING SERVICES

A new coach and air service to the Channel Islands is to be introduced this summer from June 1, by Jersey Air Lines. There will be daily flights to both Jersey and Guernsey. Fares will vary according to the day of the week. For example, a return between London and Jersey, via Bournemouth Airport on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, will cost only £6 14s., but on Saturdays the return fare will be £10 14s., £8 1s. on Sundays, and £7 16s. on Mondays and Fridays. You leave Victoria coach station, London, at 12.10 p.m. and arrive at Jersey Airport at 6.30 p.m. The return service leaves Jersey at 10 a.m. and arrives back in London at 4.18 p.m.

The Guernsey service uses Southampton Airport and the fares are slightly dearer, the minimum return fare being £6 19s. 6d. and the maximum £11 5s. 9d. It leaves London at the same time as the Jersey service, 12.10 p.m., and arrives at Guernsey at 5.45 p.m. The return service leaves Guernsey at 9 a.m., arriving back at Victoria coach station at 1.45 p.m. As much as £3 per passenger can be saved by using this new route which should prove popular with holidaymakers, especially those with families.

The Anglo-Scottish Car Carrier is the name of a new service for motorists between London, Newcastle and Edinburgh. No longer can the term "car-sleeper" be applied since this particular train runs during the day. Although times of loading vary from passenger to passenger, the train will depart from King's Cross at 7.55 a.m. (35 minutes earlier on Saturdays), arriving at Newcastle at 1.10 p.m. and Edinburgh, Waverley Station, at 3.34 p.m. On the return journey the train will leave Edinburgh at 11.50 a.m. (35 minutes earlier on Saturdays), and arrive at Newcastle at 3.6 p.m. and King's Cross at 8.30 p.m. Fares include carriage of car in a covered van and a reserved seat. From London to Newcastle the first-class return fare is £16 for driver and car, and £6 10s. for each passenger. The second-class return fare is £14 10s. for driver and car, and £4 10s. each passenger. From London to Edinburgh the first-class return fare for driver and car is £22 and £9 10s. each passenger. The second-class return fare is £18 10s. for driver and car and £6 10s. each passenger. Unaccompanied cars are not conveyed by this service. There will be a dining car on the train where, going up, breakfast, coffee and lunch will be served and, coming down, lunch, afternoon tea and dinner.

This new service will prove most attractive to motorists taking their cars across to Norway. You arrive in Newcastle in plenty of time to make the connection between the car-loading bay at Central Station and the steamer lying at Tyne Commission Quay. There is only a matter of a 4½-mile drive.

A most exciting prospect is offered by the new Italy-Greece Car Ferry service beginning on August 1, 1960. There will be five sailings per week from Brindisi to Corfu and Igoumenitsa, and, because the road from the latter port has not been completed and the going at the moment is a little rough, two of the sailings will continue to Patras. The vessel used will be the m.s. *Egnatia*, operated by Hellenic Mediterranean Lines. Bookings can be made in this country at principal travel agents.

There are six sailing schools around the Firth of Clyde sponsored by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation. The cost of hotel accommodation varies from 8 to 14 guineas a week, but the use of boats and tuition is standard at 3 to 4 guineas per week, which is a remarkably cheap fee for learning to sail. An interesting leaflet giving full details is issued by the Council, at 4, Queensferry Street, Edinburgh.

A new air service begins on April 6 between Brussels and Benghazi, operated by SABENA. Calls will be made at Geneva and Tripoli. D.C.-7C aircraft, carrying first- and tourist-class passengers, will be used. The service will run twice weekly, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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not rush a visit to this most delightful place in Dalmatia, for it is absurd to think that an hour or two's visit will suffice.

And so to Hvar, the " Madeira of the Adriatic," which offers a remarkably mild climate even in winter. The town of Hvar is very attractive, with many hotels of all grades, and it has an interesting Venetian character. Here, as I sat in a nearby monastery garden, I imagined the past: the invasion of the armies of the Porte when terrified citizens crowded into the towers and forts of refuge. But everywhere along this coast there are exciting historical memories.

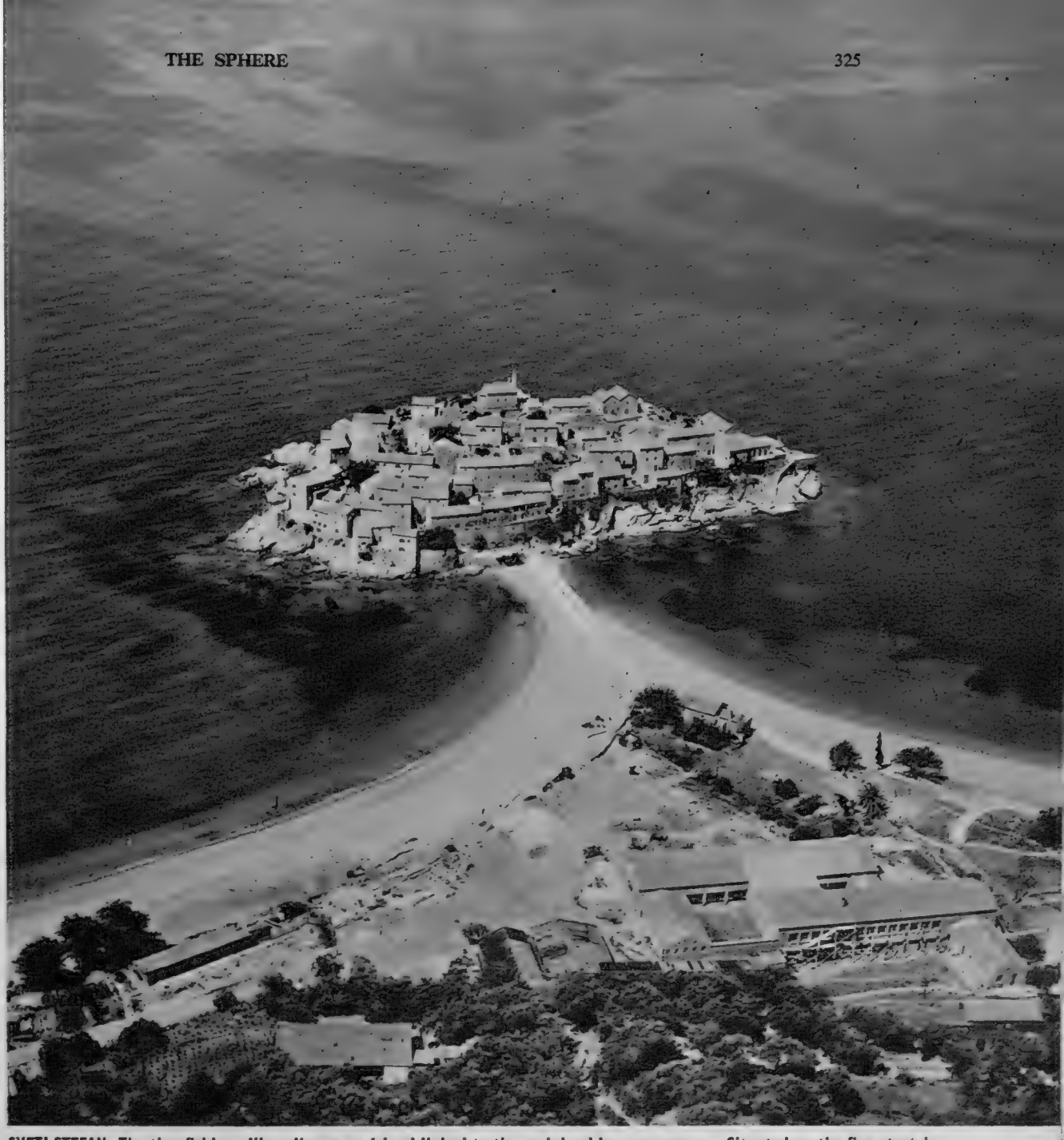
The next important member of the south Dalmatian group of islands is Korcula, which claims to be the birthplace of Marco Polo. The imprint of Venice is everywhere in its main town, whose narrow streets and lanes climb up the steep hillside. Apart from an occasional shortage of water, Korcula is an idyllic spot for a holiday, and there are many pleasant walks not only in the town itself but on the nearby hills and along the coast, with many a delightful cove for swimming. Should you happen to be there on July 27 you will be able to witness the Moreska, a traditional dance dating from the twelfth century. This historic performance has a climax when you fear that the performers will decapitate one another with their huge, clashing swords.

Dubrovnik calls itself, and rightly so, " The Pearl of the Adriatic." Enclosed by magnificent ramparts, it is perhaps the finest walled town in Europe. Nothing jars on the spirit as one walks (for no vehicle traffic is permitted) along the streets, each one of which is a gallery of art and architecture. The main thoroughfare, called " Placa," is perfection. Of the various sights, the Rector's Palace and the cloistered garden of the Franciscan monastery make the most appeal to me. While the two best hotels—the Excelsior and the Argentina—are outside the walls, each overlooking the sea and with its own private bathing beach, there is in the old town the admirable Dubravka Hotel, a good category C. Note, too, that each year starting in July there is the Dubrovnik Festival, which offers an interesting programme, ranging from *Hamlet* (in Serbo-Croat) and orchestral concerts to folk-dancing and water-polo contests.

The outstanding excursion from Dubrovnik is to Cetinje, the old capital of Montenegro. You travel around the magnificent Bay of Kotor before beginning a long, hairpin climb up the mountains; it is one of the most scenic roads in Europe.

Not far from Dubrovnik and reached by tram is Lapad, where there are several small hotels and a good bathing-beach. Then, to the south, there is Cavtat, a delightful place in an exotic setting. Here there is the Racic Mausoleum designed by Mestrovic. Around the Bay of Kotor there are some small resorts, but while the mild climate of Hercegnovi offers appeal, yet I prefer to continue on to Budvah, my own personal favourite resort on the Dalmatian coast. On the way there, however, take the opportunity of a bus-halt to visit the famous Cathedral of St. Tryphon, in Kotor; it dates from 1166. The town, too, is fascinating, but get your bearings, for it is easy to be lost in its tortuous streets.

Budvah is a small walled town built on a spit of land projecting into the sea. Outside the entrance gate is the Avala Hotel, second to none in Dalmatia, and within easy reach of good bathing beaches. The stretch of coast between Budvah and Bar, to the south, is the finest on the whole Yugoslav littoral. For those who like luxury there is the Milocer Hotel, formerly a summer residence of the Royal Family. Close by is Sveti Stefan, a tiny fishing village on a small island linked to the mainland by a causeway. The houses have now been reconstructed to provide holiday accommodation.



SVETI STEFAN: The tiny fishing village lies on an island linked to the mainland by a causeway. Situated on the fine stretch of coast between Budvah and Bar, in the south of Yugoslavia, the village now provides holiday accommodation.

Continuing southwards, Bar, with a fine beach, is reached, but as it is being developed commercially, I hardly think it suitable for a stay. You would be more pleased with Ulcinj, which lies close to the Albanian frontier. Its appearance is very Oriental, and here you see Negroes, the descendants of slaves who were seized by Muslim pirates when they set out from this town to plunder the coasts of Africa.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:

YUGOSLAV NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 143, *Regent Street, London, W.*1.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS:

PORTOROZ—*Palace.*
POREC—*Riviera.*
PULA—*Riviera.*
LOVRAN—*Park (fair), Beograd.*
OPATIJA—*Kvarner.*
CRIKVENICA—*Miramare.*
RAB—*Imperial.*
ZADAR—*Zagreb.*
SPLIT—*Park.*
HVAR—*Palace, Dalmacija.*
KORCULA—*Park, Zagreb, Beograd.*
DUBROVNIK—*Excelsior, Argentina, Dubravka.*
BUDVAH—*Avala.*
SV. STEFAN—*Milocer.*
ULCINJ—*Galeb (a dubious recommendation).*

LUXURY ON THE NORTH SEA ROUTE

The new Dutch liner *Koningin Wilhelmina*, of the Zeeland Steamship Company, manœuvres at Harwich during her inaugural voyage at the beginning of February. A few days later this modern vessel, bringing new standards of comfort and speed to the Harwich-Hook of Holland crossing, entered regular service. She has been designed so that she can carry 1,600 passengers in two classes on each journey lasting only a few hours. Not only is she the largest vessel in service on the Channel routes, but she has been planned to give spacious and modern accommodation by placing her engines well aft. The superstructure is of aluminium and the ship is fitted with stabilisers, ensuring that roll in heavy seas is much reduced. On board the *Koningin Wilhelmina* there is ample space for luggage, cargo, and 45 cars.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

As many readers may be visiting Oberammergau this summer for the Passion Play, I offer suggestions regarding books dealing with the subject, all of them recent publications published especially for the event.

The most detailed is *Oberammergau and Its Passion Play*, by Elisabethe Corathiel (Burns and Oates. 15s.). It is a complete guide to the play and is well illustrated. Two lower-priced books are: *The Oberammergau Story*, also by Elisabethe Corathiel (Percival Marshall. 5s.), which is much more condensed in its information; and *Oberammergau and Its Surroundings*, by Carl Bauer (obtainable from Barmerlea Book Sales, 10, Bayley Street, W.C.1. 7s. 6d.), which has a useful map, lacking in the other two books. It also provides helpful information regarding excursions in the neighbourhood.

"KOOCHI"—A FENNEC DESERT FOX: At the moment the only one of its kind at London Zoo, this small animal, equipped with very large ears, comes from the border area of Saudi Arabia and Oman. It was given to the Zoo last June, by Mr. K. W. Bradley, when it was aged five months. While Mr. Bradley was working in Oman, he was given the desert fox by Bedouin tribesmen, and it quickly became a family pet. These animals are found in the deserts of North Africa, on the Sinai Peninsula and in Saudi Arabia.

A VARIETY OF ANIMALS

Cubs and Recent Arrivals at London Zoo

A PUMA AND HER TWO CUBS: Lola and her offspring peer cautiously through the bars. The mother is very nervous, and when these pictures were taken the Zoo-keepers had not yet handled the cubs, which are the first to be bred at London Zoo since 1923. While they are young they have spotted fur, but later this becomes plain yellowish-grey. Pumas occur throughout the American continent from Patagonia to British Columbia. Puma is the Peruvian name.

A TINY MALAYAN MOUSE DEER: Standing about 6 ins. high at the shoulder, the animal, which is the first of its species at London Zoo since 1926, is very highly-strung. It arrived by sea from Hong Kong last November, having been caught in Borneo in August. Since it had to pass through a period of quarantine, it was not placed on view to the general public until recently.

On left—

A DINGO AND HER CUBS: Peggy, a female dingo at London Zoo, picks up one of her litter of six. Two of the six, which were born at the end of January, are unusually light in colour. Peggy herself was born in the gardens some years ago. There are about ten dingos at London Zoo at the present time.

Below—

KING PENGUINS IN THEIR ELEMENT. These two young King Penguins, clad in their thick fur, scuffle through the straw at Whipsnade Zoo. Named Tweedledum and Tweedledee by the Zoo staff, to whom they are extremely friendly, the pair arrived last November.

WORLD-WIDE INTEREST IN SHIPPING METHANE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

SINCE it began shipping liquefied natural gas across the Atlantic from Lake Charles, in Louisiana, to Canvey Island, on the Thames Estuary, a year ago, the House of Commons was told last month, that the small improvised tanker *Methane Pioneer* had brought to Britain about 9,400 tons of this intensely cold liquid—which travels, in the five specially insulated tanks built into the vessel's hold, at a temperature somewhat below minus 258 deg. C. Allowed to boil back again into its gaseous state, 600 times the volume, that tonnage amounts to some 470,000,000 cub. ft. of methane; since methane is about twice as rich as the gas we burn in our gas-stoves in Britain, this can be re-formed into about 940,000,000 cub. ft. of town gas, or 4,700,000 therms, to use the units that the householder pays for.

Those consignments, Parliament was told, cost the Gas Council £165,000, which would work out at roughly 9d. a therm. Nobody has ever pretended that the shipments with *Methane Pioneer*, which have been the first successful ocean transport of natural gas liquefied at this extremely low temperature, in the first vessel ever converted for the purpose, using a completely novel kind of tank insulation, would be a fully economic proposition. The Gas Council, moreover, is a partner with an American company, Constock International Methane, in the whole venture, and it is not clear whether the full costs of development, and of liquefying the gas in the first place, are counted into that price.

At this end, the gas has to be stored in special tanks, converted back into gas, and re-formed at Romford gasworks into British town gas. The fact remains, however, that 9d. a therm is not as bad a figure as all that to start with; gas in the North Thames area, where this methane is arriving, when made out of coal that has to be hauled from the mining areas, costs about a shilling a therm when it is pumped out of the gasworks into the distribution mains.

The experiments, and the notional costing for a full-scale gas import programme that it has been possible to calculate from them, have certainly been encouraging enough for the Gas Council to invite bids for the construction of either one 20,000-ton or two 10,000-ton methane tankers, and to ask the Minister of Power for permission to go ahead and build them. Its American partner, Constock, has much larger ambitions; it has talked of building up to four 10,000- to 20,000-tonners to carry methane to Europe. And very significantly it has also acquired another partner in this business: Royal Dutch/Shell, through its Canadian Shell subsidiary, is to work with it in a new joint company, Conch International Methane Ltd. Constock is itself partly owned by one American oil company; but the entry of the Shell group is the first firm commitment by any of the major oil companies to the ocean transport of methane.

Experiments with the *Methane Pioneer*, however, have been watched with avid interest by everyone who owns a rich supply of natural gas but has nowhere to sell it—and there are a large number of such owners. At most of the major oilfields round the world, except those fortunate enough to be situated in countries with large petroleum markets close at hand, the natural gas that comes up with the oil or is found in close proximity to it has to be flared to waste or "re-cycled"—pumped back into the oil-bearing strata (where it may do valuable work in keeping up subterranean pressures and therefore maintaining the flow of oil from the wells). Without committing itself to liquefying or shipping the gas, Aramco of Saudi Arabia early last year announced that it was ready to sell gas from the streams associated with its oil production to anybody prepared to come and take the gas away. Constock is reported to have had talks with the Pakistan authorities about the onward shipment of some of the gas from that country's Sui gas field, which is now moved along a 350-mile pipeline to Karachi and could readily be shipped from there.

THE BRITISH TERMINAL FOR SHIPPING METHANE: The 2,000-ft.-long insulated aluminium pipe conveys the intensely cold, liquefied natural gas from the *Methane Pioneer*, a small improvised tanker, to the storage tanks at Canvey Island. The pipeline, which has a diameter of 10 ins., and also one of the 90,000 cubic ft. storage tanks, were constructed by the A.P.V. Company Ltd., of Crawley, Surrey.

Perhaps the most actively interested oil producers, or potential oil producers, in this business are the various companies, some private and some owned by the French Government, now beginning to exploit Saharan oil. France is determined to use this oil as a major source of energy for her own economy, and hopes to become a dominant supplier to the European Common Market. The opportunity to export the Sahara's gas as well would further reinforce this prospective dominance. At one of the Saharan fields alone, it is reckoned that the reserves would permit the supply of gas equivalent to 32,000,000 tons of coal a year for thirty-two years—expressed in cubic feet or even therms, the quantities of gas require figures so astronomical as to be almost meaningless. A centre for the study of liquid gas at extremely low temperatures has been set up at Saclay, near Paris; and the Saharan oil companies have prepared plans for a service across the Mediterranean initially operating three 10,000-ton tankers built on the *Methane Pioneer* principle.

This Saharan gas, indeed, is very relevant to the British plans for importing natural gas. The first shipments brought here have come from the Texas Gulf, but nobody plans to rely on American gas, which already has abundant uses and therefore commands a fair price. The original plans of the Gas Council were to use gas from Venezuela, and it does appear that Constock has acquired options upon the supply of some gas from this area, where there is normally no more than a small local market. It was upon the basis of Venezuelan gas that the Gas Council has talked of 13 to 14 trips a year for its 20,000-ton or two 10,000-ton methane tankers, bringing a quantity of gas that it would take about 2,000,000 tons of coal to make in carbonisation plant here.

But if these tankers could run to and from a liquefaction plant at, say, Bône, in Algeria (to which a pipeline is being laid), which is only about half as far away by sea as Venezuela, they could bring in twice as much. There might be political difficulties about relying on Algeria for the long-term gas contracts that alone would make such import programmes worth undertaking, from the French side as well as the British. Nevertheless, the chance of them is no doubt affecting bargaining in Venezuela about the initial price to be offered for gas, anent which the Venezuelan authorities recently remarked that it might pay them better to pump the gas back into the ground to improve the proportion of oil they can recover from their wells.

Ocean transport of liquid gas, as the *Methane Pioneer* has shown, is technically quite feasible; it is still fairly complex, and requires a good deal of investment at each terminal, as well as in the tanker. Commercial liquefaction plant (as against the small plant on a river barge, built for other purposes, that has been used in these first experiments) needs to be big to be economic; the specialised storage and re-forming plant at the receiving end has to be counted into the cost. Moreover, the tankers involved are bigger than they sound; since a methane tanker has to carry its cargo in separate and specially insulated compartments, it is estimated that a vessel of 10,000 tons carrying capacity may need to be as large as a 25,000- to 30,000-ton deadweight tanker built to carry oil. It will be correspondingly more expensive. Constock, indeed, has suggested that any system for the ocean transport of liquefied natural gas would have to be very large to become economic; moreover, that liquid methane could not be sold at prices comparable with those of coal or oil, but could compete only with gas made out of these primary fuels.

When it comes to the Minister with a formal proposal to build bigger methane tankers, the Gas Council will be aware that it is introducing not merely a new primary fuel based on a technical innovation, but also a delicate political issue. Though the National Coal Board up to now has been far less vociferous in lobbying against imported fuel oil than its coal-owner colleagues in Western Europe, its miners have shown no such restraint. The Coal Board has certainly not taken kindly to the idea of displacing more coal by importing gas, which may well reduce the gas industry's coal requirements even more than the Gas Council has already forecast.

THE METHANE TANKER: The *Methane Pioneer* arrived at Canvey Island, in Essex, from Louisiana, with her first load of the intensely cold liquid ever to be transported by sea, on February 20, 1959. She has five specially insulated tanks.

There are other vested interests in the field of coal carbonisation and gasification to whom this gas from overseas would offer no joy. It is in the long run, moreover, another kind of petroleum, akin to the oil that already competes with gas in the market as well as supplying some of its raw material. The long-term economics of this venture may prove more complex than the techniques did, and the short-term politics certainly will; but there is little doubt that Britain's gas industry will go ahead with this ambitious exercise in widening its own and the British consumer's choice of fuel.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A TORONTO OFFICE BLOCK BUILT IN A YEAR

The twelve-storey block of offices, which was recently completed, stands on Bay Street, in the centre of Toronto. Built by Taylor Woodrow (Canada) Ltd., the building was finished in just over twelve months and was ten weeks ahead of schedule. The cost was about £700,000. The architects were Peter Dickinson Associates; the mechanical engineers, Frost Granek and Associates; and the structural engineers, M. S. Yolles Associates—all Canadian firms. Taylor Woodrow (Canada) Ltd. have recently been awarded the contract, worth almost £1,800,000, for the construction of a six-storey head office near Toronto for Fords of Canada.

A NEW BUILDING IN LONDON

On the right is the tower block, standing on the south side of the central courtyard, and left the rear face of the main block, fronting on Berners Street, of the new headquarters of Arthur Sanderson and Sons, London, suppliers of wallpapers, paints and fabrics. The main contractors are Holloway Brothers (London), who finished stage one of the building on February 15. This consists of sub-basement, basement, ground and the first three floors, the building enclosure and all structural work. Valued at over £1,000,000, the headquarters accommodates not only administrative office, but showrooms, parking and other facilities. Aluminium and glass are used predominantly on the façades. The central courtyard has been designed as a garden.

CARS FOR CANADA

Part of a group of Canadian B.M.C. dealers, in this country for a month's visit, pose outside the B.M.C. London service station at Holland Park. The dealers took delivery at Holland Park of thirty-eight Austin Sevens for their own use under the Corporation's Personal Export Scheme, which allows overseas visitors to buy purchase-tax-free cars in Britain and use them during their stay before returning home. The cars are then shipped overseas. Since June of last year more than 2,500 B.M.C. cars have been exported in this way.

On left—

A TENT-LIKE CARAVAN

The Motent, a new lightweight caravan trailer, is pitched ready for use. Weighing 3½ cwt., the trailer, closed down, measures 8 ft. by 5 ft. by 2 ft. 8 ins. By lifting the lid, which forms one side of the roof, the second side and two ends made of canvas are raised. It is claimed that the operation of erecting the tent-like caravan or closing and stowing it takes only 13 seconds. The Motent is manufactured by Rudman, Darlington and Co., Ltd., and the cellobond polyester resins of which it is built are made by British Resin Products Ltd. There are two berths fitted with mattresses, and tables with cupboard space underneath are placed at the end of each berth. The trailer has been track-tested to speeds of up to 70 m.p.h. and can be towed by the smallest car. The Motent is priced at £158.0.0d.

On left—

A NEW FORM OF CRANE

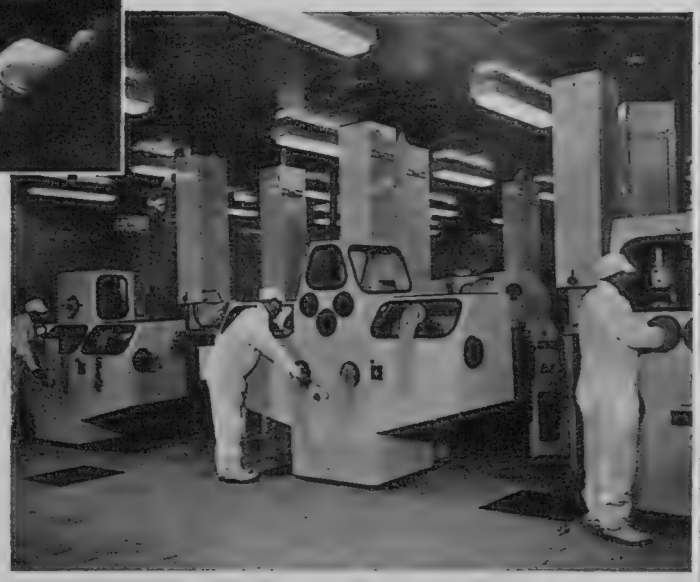
A specially designed Coles "Emperor" crane swivels round before placing its load on a lorry. This new crane, designed by Steels Engineering Products Ltd., of Sunderland, was ordered by Anglo-Continental Container Services Limited, to solve mechanical handling problems on the routes from Northern Ireland to the rest of Britain. The new cranes help to relieve congestion at the quaysides, moving the containers to the park where the lorries are loaded and unloaded. They can slew through 360 degrees, handle 20-ft. containers weighing 12½ tons, and travel at a reasonable speed while keeping the load vertical. In order to do this the "Emperor" cranes have a unique form of lifting gear.

A METAL FOR THE NUCLEAR AGE

Beryllium is a very light, very hard metal which has come into prominence recently because of its application to nuclear power. It is to be used as an experimental canning material for fuel elements in the new advanced gas-cooled reactor which the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority is building at Windscale. Britain's first large-scale plant for machining beryllium was opened this week at Coventry. It has been built for Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft Ltd., a subsidiary of the Hawker Siddeley Group. In the picture an operator at the new plant is turning beryllium, through gloved apertures, on a normal metal lathe enclosed in a pressure shell. In machining the metal a fine dust, with dangerous but not radioactive properties, is produced. The operator must be protected from this and processes are carried out inside completely enclosed machines, provided with extraction systems for removing the dust. Air leaving the shells is passed through an elaborate filtering system before being allowed to escape through a 120-ft.-high chimney. Still in an experimental stage, beryllium may also be used in the manufacture of guided missiles and in other space-age activities.

Below—

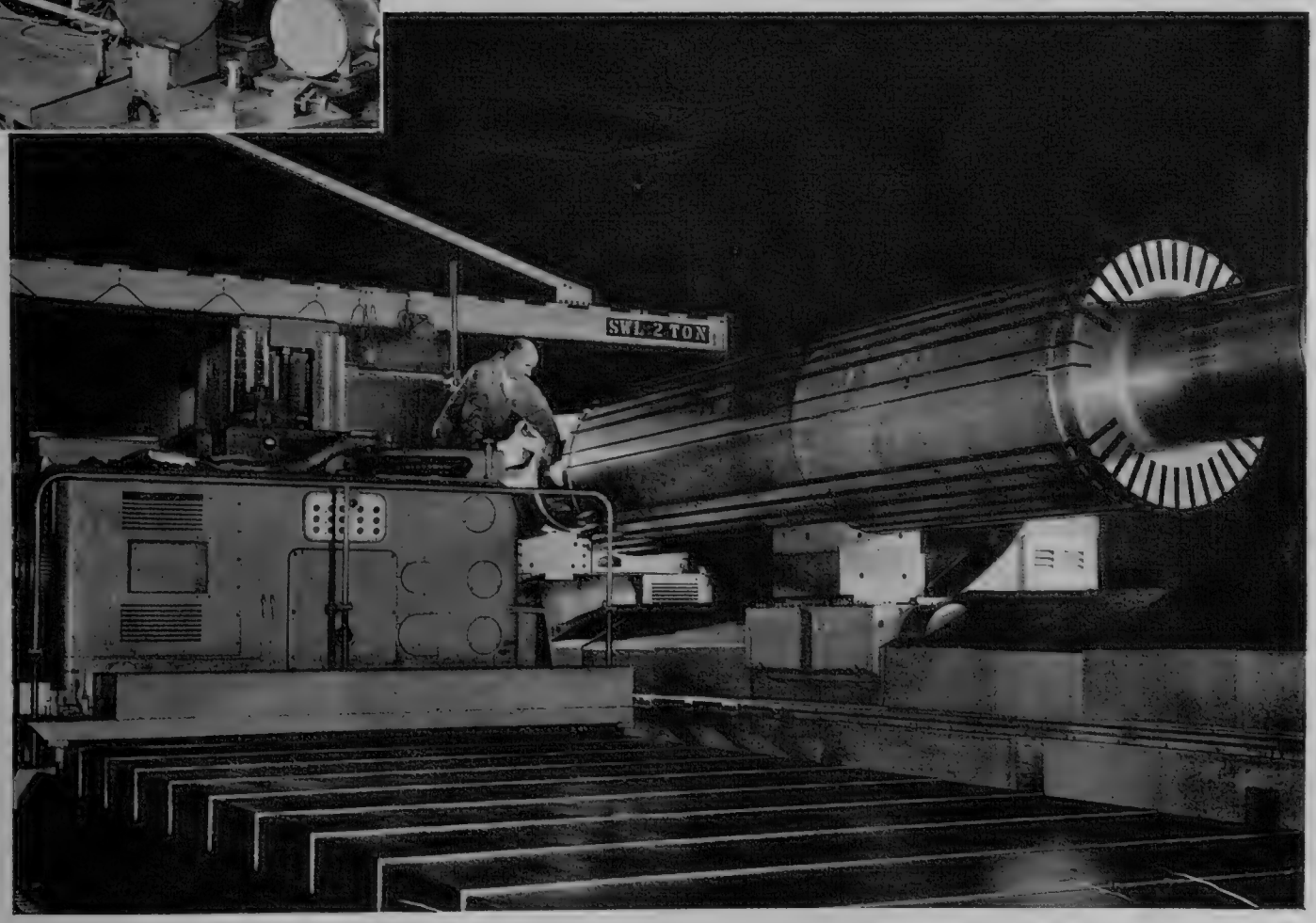
THE NEW BERYLLIUM MACHINING PLANT: Technicians operate the lathes, which are completely enclosed in their pressure shells. The protective gloves dangle from the apertures of the machines.



On left—

FOR INJECTING ELECTRONS

Dr. U. Timm (left), of Deutsches Elektronen-Synchrotron (D.E.S.Y.), Hamburg, and an A.E.I. engineer are examining the wave guide of a 40,000,000-volt electron linear accelerator, being tested in the research department of A.E.I.'s Trafford Park works. The British concern is supplying the apparatus to the German firm. The accelerator will be used to inject a beam of electrons into a large electron synchrotron, which will further accelerate the electrons. The contract, worth about £250,000, was secured against world competition last year.



On right—

FOR AN ARGENTINE POWER STATION

A complete power station is being built and equipped in Buenos Aires by A.E.I. Ltd., in association with International Combustion Ltd. In the picture the slots in the rotor of a 120 mW. turbo-generator are being milled at the Trafford Park works of Associated Electrical Industries (Manchester) Ltd. On the left is the semi-automatic milling machine, which is of recent design and which moves forward to cut the slots in the rotor. In the slots will be placed copper windings through which an electric current will be passed, so that as it revolves the rotor becomes magnetic. The Buenos Aires power-station is being built at a cost of some £30,000,000. It will have five A.E.I. turbo-generators, together giving an output of 600 mW. The first of the sets will begin operating early in 1961. Another contract, worth £5,000,000, which A.E.I. are carrying out in the Argentine capital is the building and equipping of eight electricity sub-stations.

A ROYAL WELCOME IN THE CITY OF LONDON: At Guildhall, the Lord Mayor, Sir Edmund Stockda and the City Corporation entertain members of the Royal Family to mark their respect journeys overseas during the past year. The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Alexandra on one side of Sir Edmund, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with Lady Stockdale, the other. Standing behind the Lord Mayor and the Royal visitors, during the welcoming ceremo in the Library, are some of the 650 guests. Members of the Government, High Commissione of Commonwealth countries and representatives of City organisations were present. Pikemen of th Honourable Artillery Company were on duty during the ceremony, which was followed by luncheo

THE FIRST KNOWN "KILL" OF A BALLISTIC MISSILE: The sequence of pictures, which were released recently by the U.S. Army, shows a Hawk anti-aircraft missile (right) intercepting an Honest John ballistic missile in the air over White Sands range, in New Mexico. Both the missiles are operational weapons now in the hands of American troops. Although drone aircraft and subsonic guided missiles have been used successfully in tests, the interception was described by the U.S. Army as the first known "kill" of a ballistic missile. When the two missiles met their combined speeds were about 2,000 m.p.h. In forthcoming tests in the Pacific, the U.S. Army will attempt to intercept an Atlas missile.

A WEDDING OF INDIANS IN LONDON: Mr. Ajit Hutheesingh, the twenty-four-year-old nephew the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, leaves Caxton Hall with his bride, formerly Mi Amrita Nigam, after the marriage ceremony. Beside the bridegroom is his mother, Mr Krishna Hutheesingh, the younger sister of Mr. Nehru. On the right is Mrs. Hutheesingh's siste Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India in London. The wedding took place on Thursd of last week. The bride is the daughter of an Indian doctor practising in London's suburbs. Mr. A Hutheesingh arrived in London from America, where he is doing research at Columbia Universit New York. The couple will live in America for two years, after which they plan to return to Ind

AROUND THE WORLD

A Reception in the City of London; Memorial Service for Cardinal Stepinac; and other Events

In right—

IN MEMORY OF CARDINAL STEPINAC: A Requiem Mass is celebrated in St. Peter's, Rome, for the late Archbishop of Zagreb. Pope John XXIII is sitting on the throne to the left of the Altar. In the centre lighted candles surround a symbolic coffin on which an Archbishop's mitre has been placed. The Cardinal died on February 10 in his native village of Krasic, in Croatia, where he had been living under restrictions imposed by the Yugoslav Government after his release from prison in 1952. Aloizije Stepinac will long remain a controversial figure. Born of Croatian peasant stock in 1897, he was appointed Archbishop of Zagreb at the age of forty. In 1941 Anton Pavelic, the Croatian Nationalist and murderer of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, returned to Zagreb in the wake of the German Army to become "Leader" of the Nazi-puppet "Independent State of Croatia." His policy of forcible conversion to Roman Catholicism of the entire population was implemented with the utmost barbarity. This was strongly condemned by the Archbishop, yet he never appears to have taken any action against Pavelic or those priests who supported his inhuman crimes. In post-war Yugoslavia there was an inevitable clash with Tito and the Communists. Stepinac was tried for wartime collaboration with the enemy and sentenced to prison. He was created a Cardinal soon after his release.

Below—

COMING UP FROM THE PIT: The 127 bearded and grimy miners at Betteshanger Colliery, in Kent, end their stay-down demonstration in protest against a number of redundancy notices. They spent 160 hours 2,100 ft. below ground. The colliery silver prize band played them out with "Keep right on to the end of the road." On the advice of their union officials, the men came up for health reasons, but an official said that the strike would continue above ground. Other Kent pits agreed to give financial help, although they would not come out in sympathy.

On left—

THE MONCKTON COMMISSION BEGINS ITS WORK: Viscount Monckton, the Chairman of the Advisory Commission on the Constitution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, walks with Sir Donald MacGillivray, the Vice-Chairman, in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, soon after their arrival there. The first witnesses were heard by the Commission on Thursday of last week. The hearings were in secret and no details of the views expressed were disclosed, in accordance with a decision previously announced. The Commission had separated into groups to visit towns and villages hundreds of miles apart. Viscount Monckton led the Livingstone group, which heard the opinions of European residents, including the Mayor, and of one African, a member of the local African Housing Board. Another group went to Kalomo, 60 miles away, and then to Gwembe, where trouble broke out in 1958 over the Kariba Dam. A third group visited Choma, 120 miles from Victoria Falls. The Commission should return to London in May.

The World of Books

WESTERN LITERARY HERITAGE

An Erudite Compendium by J. B. Priestley; Three Autobiographies; Murder Cases With No Clear-cut Solution; An Astringent Collection of Novels

I THINK that it was Voltaire who said that criticism was nothing if it was not personal, and it was certainly Matthew Arnold who wrote that his definition of criticism was a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world. By either of these standards Mr. J. B. Priestley's momentous new work, LITERATURE AND WESTERN MAN (Heinemann. 42s.), can be judged as a triumph. Other aspects of his career need not concern us. The fact is that literary criticism on its most scholarly, most objective, subtle and penetrating level is Mr. Priestley's field as it has been no one else's during the past thirty or forty years. His studies of Peacock and Meredith, written in the 1920's, stand to-day as classic works on their subjects. His mind is of a calibre to view even such a titanic theme as the present one with authority and with an historian's appreciation of both continuity and contradictions.

During the period in which Mr. Priestley has been writing, criticism has often been taken over by the semi-literate, whose habits of mind lack all the robustness that is his. In *Literature and Western Man* he considers the field of thought which matters profoundly to him and, from Machiavelli to Thomas Wolfe, from Cervantes to William Faulkner, with all the riches of Dostoevsky, of Shakespeare, Byron, Colette, Walt Whitman, Maeterlinck—the list is as nearly endless as a reader could wish. The erudition here is immense: that one can happily take for granted. But aside from that there is the sheer intellectual and physical labour of preparing and writing a book of this scope, magnificent evidence of a vigorous yet exquisitely sensitive brain at work on a subject which means everything to the writer—the literature which is our heritage in the West.

To turn from a hemispheric view to a closer, almost parochial focus is not so easy but, as I have often said, that is one of the circumstances which make the consideration of books such a particularly rewarding use of time. Three autobiographies follow and there is nearly always a dignity about the recital of a man's life, whether it has been written by himself or by someone closely connected with him, which makes it irresistible. First of the trio is THE FRED EMNEY STORY (Hutchinson. 21s.), and the first thing which strikes the reader about it is the candour and the fresh, almost naïve reporting of the hard times which this actor endured as the necessitous son of a successful comedian whose name he bore. Fred Emney, Jr., is and always has been a true and commendable son of his famous father. Like some sons, the inherited fame was sometimes an advantage and sometimes an extra hurdle to leap. Charlie Chaplin, as it is recounted in this semi-biographical and constantly entertaining book, knew his father and was kindly to his father's son, although managers stood between the young man and the star. Fred Emney's hazards, when he went to California after the First World War, were not at all varied. They were constantly a struggle between staying alive and dying of hunger.

The ingenuity, the sheer physical courage and the willingness to take on anything which his piano-playing, improvisation and sheer good spirits could encompass make this a quite exceptional saga. With the help of Mr. Gerard Fairlie (incidentally, the original of "Sapper's" stories about Bulldog Drummond), a wonderfully picaresque story has been written. And the best thing about it is the simple fact that this burly, light-footed comedian is shown to be an adventurer in the best sense of the word.

THE SURGEON'S LOG (Heinemann. 18s.) has been published before, and that is an under-statement. It first appeared in 1911; it now appears again and it remains an extraordinarily wise and detached view of what happens when a man like Mr. J. Johnston Abraham, at the time of writing a ship's surgeon in a deep-sea trading steamer, quarters the South Seas and, just as a by-product, produces what John Masefield has called "a little prose epic." Mr. Abraham, an Irishman if ever I heard one speak, is one of London's most distinguished surgeons and advisers. The extra-wonderful thing is that he can write, too.

Cockneys often—in fact, mostly—love the country. Their outings in earlier years, their organised holidays more lately, are proofs of this. But, insular as we are, there has not always been a thought to spare for the families who have so much longed to get out of New York that they would willingly engage themselves in a madly expensive, not especially rewarding real estate deal for the simple purpose of living where there was fairly fresh air. Skunks, of course, and those (to English eyes) unidentifiable creatures known as ground hogs, abound in any small American estate of the kind but, as so often, the primary urge is what really matters and, in the book in hand, it results in a story about a charming, intelligent couple who buy a house in Pennsylvania. THE RIB AND ADAM (Hammond. 15s.) is Mr. Edward Shenton's account of their many years' vigil over the ducks, the weeds, the kitchen garden, the rebuilding and the various, often highly amusing versions of life well beyond the Pale of Suburbia.

A REASONABLE DOUBT (Cresset Press. 18s.) is Mr. Julian Symons' examination of a number of murder cases in which the solution was either never reached or remains open to question. Thirteen cases come up for consideration and possible explanations. The first is the case of Steinie Morrison, of whose complete guilt many responsible people were always doubtful, and the last two concern the death of Lord Erroll in Kenya and the murder of the multi-millionaire, Harry Oakes, in Nassau. The

A BUSY OPERA SINGER IN LONDON: June Bronhill, the Australian soprano, sings Leila, and Bryan Drake, from New Zealand, is the High Priest Nourabad in Bizet's *The Pearl Fishers* at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. Anthony Besch is the producer and the sets by John Piper were first used at the theatre in 1954. The other two chief parts in this romantic tragedy about an island of Ceylon are sung by Peter Glossop (Zurga) and Charles Craig (Nadir). Next Wednesday (March 2) Miss Bronhill makes her debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in the title role in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and will alternate this part with her performances at Sadler's Wells.

first in 1940, the second in 1943 and each, to this d difficult of solution. Brilliantly marshalled conjecture, a to the amateur criminologist, at least as thrilling as thriller.

There are those who want light relief from novels a I must say that I see their point. An alternative is int lectual stimulation. You can't exactly take your choic this week but you might settle for a batch of stories mo astringent than amusing. THE BIG ROOM (Eyre an Spottiswoode. 16s.), for instance, is Mr. Sid Chaplin evocative, passionate story about a young girl who live with her perpetually-embattled family in one room of a otherwise empty house on the fells of northern England Brilliantly intelligent, perceptive and poignant.

THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS (Den 15s.) has been written by Mr. Fred Kitchen, and it would be difficult to find an articulate, thoughtful writer wh knew more about farming conditions during the pas three or four decades than he. The value of this wonderfully informative novel lies in its truth and in the simple powerful style of its remarkable author. I found it quite haunting myself and its conclusions as inevitable as to-morrow's sunrise.

The first of two novels from France is A SNARE FOR THE HEART (Hart-Davis. 15s.), by Christine de Rivoyre, the translation having been made by Mr. Humphrey Hare. The subject is the ballet; an enclosed, emotional, dedicated world which the author has known from personal experience. The heroine, in more senses than one, of the story is a young student who accompanies a ballet company from Paris to London and on to New York. The stresses and strains are acutely observed and reported and the sum total is a frightening story of warring egotisms.

WARRIOR'S REST (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) struck me as a powerful, exasperating and haunting novel when I first read it in France a couple of years ago. It is hard to assess the impact of this melancholy, curiously un-sexy story of sex, as it will be in this country, but Christiane Rochefort will, I hope, have the serious success which she deserves and leave a trace of the believable nightmare which has haunted earlier readers. The translation, by Mr. Lowell Bair, is excellent and I should add that the novel has won one French literary prize and narrowly missed capturing two others.

THE CUNNING OF THE DOVE (Faber. 16s.) is from the pen (I imagine that it 's the pen and not the typewriter) of Mr. Alfred Duggan, a writer of cool distinction who has the literary courage not to embark on what are popularly known as popular themes. This newest novel of his is concerned with St. Edward the Confessor, the English king who has perhaps not had his due from English historians but who, in this author's reckoning, was both astute and, in terms of the times, patriotic. A fascinating study with an elegant austerity of style as its principal attraction.

The thriller of the week is Mr. Arthur Upfield's Australian story, THE MYSTERY OF SWORDFISH REEF (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.), and it is set on the southern coast of New South Wales, a region more foreign to the imagination than even the more publicised stretches of southern California. Wonderful regional action and colour, an ingenious murder story and the inimitable Upfield touch, than which I will say no more. Vernon Fane

ERRORS AT WATERLOO

A Survey of This Fateful Battle

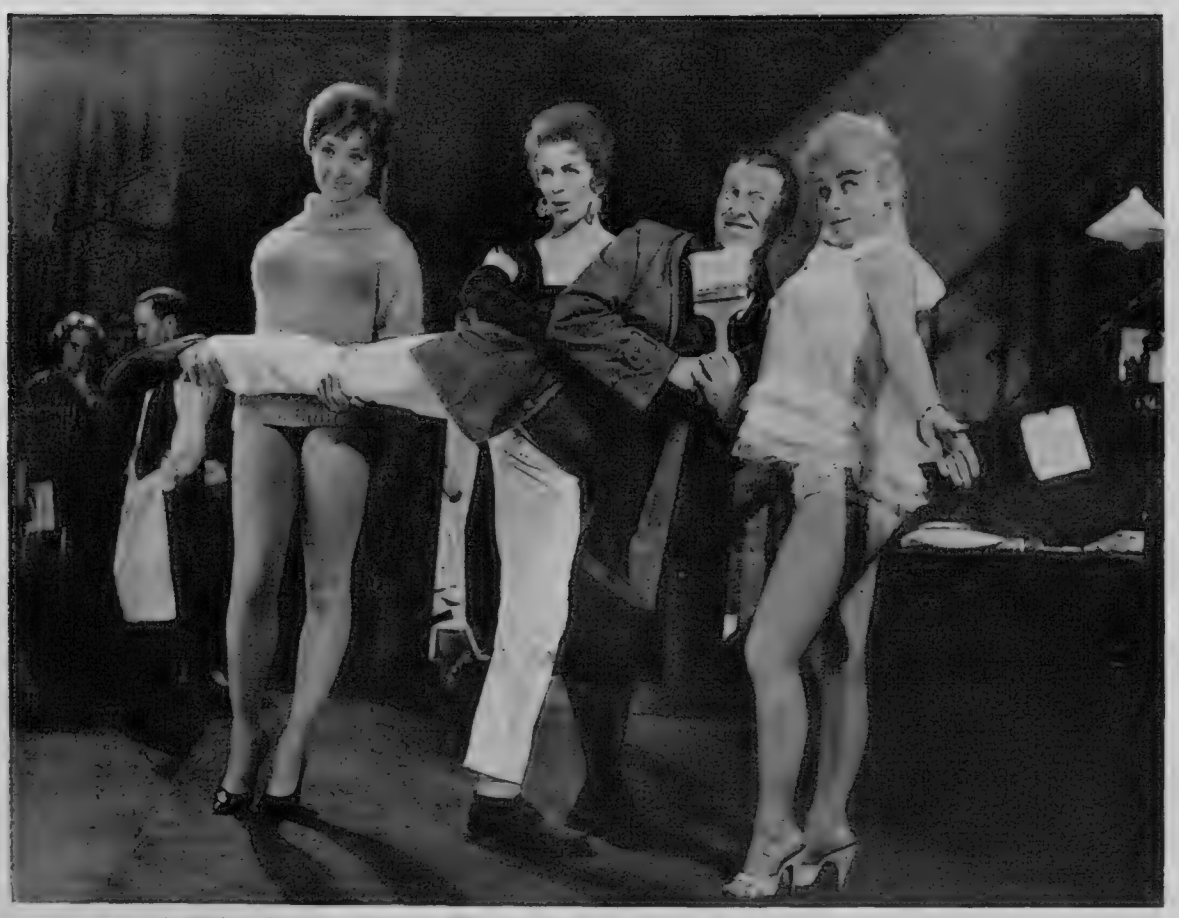
Like Philip Guedalla before him, John Naylor has been deeply impressed by the mounting drama of Napoleon's Hundred Days, the final defeat of the man who once bestrode Europe like a Colossus. It was two sodden and hungry armies that met for the final decisive battle of the Napoleonic Wars on June 17, 1815, but Mr. Naylor reveals that there was an essential difference between them and one that Bonaparte only half perceived. The difference lay in superiority of tactics, in lessons taught to the British Army in Spain by Sir John Moore and inherited from Sir John by Wellington. Napoleon, says Mr. Naylor, had thought that his defeats in Spain had stemmed from the fact that he was not there to put the stamp of his genius upon the campaign. Beyond this the history of the Waterloo campaign is *par excellence* a record of lost chances, of opportunities squandered not singly but in series, the prime offender being Marshal Ney, who packed cavalry by the thousands into a space where only hundreds could deploy and left his infantry idle on the slopes watching the massacre before them.

The British cavalry charges under Somerset and Ponsonby were equally costly, and within 90 minutes of the start of the battle Wellington had lost a quarter of his cavalry force. John Naylor's WATERLOO (Batsford. 21s.) is a comprehensive survey, with well-chosen eye-witness accounts adding greatly to our understanding of the battle and all that led up to it.

To use a modern turn of phrase Carthage has always been unfortunate in that it has never had a very "good press," the simple reason being that the writings of its Greek and Roman enemies have survived, while nothing remains of the Carthaginians' own literature. Now at last a successful attempt has been made to write in popular form a description of this great city-state and the part it played in successive centuries in the life of the Mediterranean world. Mr. B. H. Warmington, who has travelled widely and is something of a specialist in the early history of North Africa, traces the history of Carthage from its foundation by Tyrian emigrants about 850 B.C., through the period of the wars with the Sicilian Greeks, to the Punic Wars and the destruction of the city by the Romans. He does not dwell on the long period of Roman, Vandal and Byzantine rule culminating in the Arab destruction of the city in A.D. 698. Perhaps this is a pity. The era of Roman town-making, when the splendid pre-Roman Carthage took a new lease of life, is of immense importance in the history of ancient cities. CARTHAGE (Robert Hale. 21s.) is, however, a fascinating record and we can be grateful to Mr. Warmington for giving us such a colourful picture of its social life and customs.

If Mr. Warmington is skilful in conjuring up the life of ancient Carthage, M. Joseph Chiari is no less successful in recalling the history and revealing to us the topography of his native Corsica. CORSICA: COLUMBUS'S ISLE (Barrie and Rockliff. 25s.) is a thought-provoking book, very far from being a mere travelogue. M. Chiari has a profound respect for the Corsican heritage, having no wish to see the island rescued by tourism alone. It is his hope that France will always remember that the Corsicans are an adult people, and that by good sound political decisions they will be enabled to exert themselves and to maintain their vitality and traditions. Many people will read this book with surprise and delight. As for Christopher Columbus, was or was he not born in the Corsican town of Calvi, or was his birthplace in Genoa? M. Chiari's

"FINGS AIN'T WOT THEY USED T'BE": Frederick Cochrane, the gangster (played by Glynn Edwards), is with his moll, Lily Smith (played by Miriam Karlin), in the musical at the Garrick Theatre, in London's West End.



A MUSICAL WITH A SOHO SETTING: The flighty interior decorator (Wallas Eaton) is with from left: Betty (Toni Palmer); the "brass upstairs" (Yootha Joyce); and Rosie (Barbara Windsor).

TRANSFERRED FROM STRATFORD EAST: In a scene from *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be* one of the Teddy Boys, played by Norman Gunn, leads the company in a song and dance routine. *Above, right*—The pimp, Tosher (James Booth), with his two "brasses," Rosie and Betty, watch the "brass upstairs" (Yootha Joyce). The musical was transferred from the Theatre Royal at Stratford East.

SEAMY SIDE OF LIFE TO MUSIC

Yet another play to arrive at London's West End features the seamy side of life. *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*, by Frank Norman, was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East, in February 1958, when it was given a ten-week run. It was again presented at Stratford last December before opening at the Garrick Theatre on February 11. Set in Soho, the story tells light-heartedly of the activities taking place in a "spieler"—a gambling den. The principal characters are a gangster, his moll, and a pimp and his two "brasses"—the girls from whom he earns a living. Lionel Bart has written ingenious lyrics and catchy music for the show which is directed by Joan Littlewood. As well as *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*, she has two other successful productions in the West End.

guments are many and ingenious, and he certainly akes the historians of the sixteenth century look a very abby and shady lot with their determination to hide e truth for current political reasons. M. Chiari takes e view that the discoverer of the New World was a ative of Corsica.

Louis XIV had cushions in the bath, Queen Eliza eth I had a valve water-closet. These are only two of e surprising facts which Lawrence Wright serves up his history of the bathroom and the W.C. which he ves the title CLEAN AND DECENT (Routledge and egan Paul. 30s.). This is a really remarkable treatise, d one cannot be quite sure whether it is truly meant entertain or to instruct. There are illustrations in enty to show the progress of techniques in sanitation rough the ages.

As a social phenomenon the Dandy was the invention Regency England, and of George Bryan Brummell particular, and as an intellectual phenomenon it robably ended with Sir Max Beerbohm's self-exile in apallo. Between these two there flourished both in gland and France some very remarkable personalities, lwer Lytton, Count d'Orsay, Disraeli, Whistler and ilde; the variety of dandyism was endless. Ellen oers has made a penetrating study of the subject, d THE DANDY (Martin Secker. 36s.) reflects her orough researches, scholarship, and sense of period.

THE BIBLE COMPANION (Skeffington and Son. .) is a complete pictorial reference guide to the people, ces, events, background and teaching of the Bible. is really a new form of Bible encyclopædia, designed th for pleasurable reading and easy reference. There e many illustrations in black-and-white and in colour. e editor is William Neil.

R. C. E.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW: Rosie makes advances to the police sergeant, played by Tom Chatto, as the other "brass," Betty, points at her mockingly, and the police constable (George Sewell) and policewoman (another part played by Yootha Joyce) take notes. The play was written by Frank Norman and the music and lyrics are by Lionel Bart.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. BEDFORD LODGE

More of a holiday home than an hotel—small, friendly and with general air of charm, but a few paces from sea-front, where comfort, service and catering are the personal responsibility of the resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Ward. Tel.: 2083.

BISHOPSTONE. LITTLE HALLANDS HOTEL

One mile off the Seaford/Newhaven road, two miles from the sea and seven from Glyndebourne, this XVIth-century hotel and club appeals to town dwellers seeking country peacefulness, gracious surroundings and gastronomic joys.

BRIGHTON. NEVILL HOUSE HOTEL

Always popular, this family hotel on the Marine Parade is famed for its honest English catering and the personal touch of the resident owners, plus modern appointments blended with a comfortable old-fashionedness. Tel.: 26473.

BROADSTAIRS, KINGSGATE CASTLE. CASTLE KEEP HOTEL

Magnificent position. Adjoining Sea, Golf and Golden Sands. Excellent Cellar and Cuisine. Private bathrooms. Ideal Family Resort. Thanet 62453.

CANTERBURY, KENT. CATHEDRAL GATE HOTEL

A sixteenth-century building of great charm and historic interest; beautifully furnished and modernly appointed. An hotel where you are assured of every comfort and of well-cooked generous fare. Brochure with pleasure. Tel.: 4381.

EASTBOURNE. CHATSWORTH HOTEL

Always in tune with the seasons. On sea front near to everything, but far from expensive. Central heating. Lift to all floors. Licensed. A.A., R.A.C.*** Basil W. Hornsby, Managing Director. Tel.: 4327.

EASTBOURNE. CUFFNELLS HOTEL

Small, homely, friendly and personal, situated in Burlington Place, off Grand Parade. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Lloyd welcome parents with young children. Washing, ironing and airing and "sitting-in" facilities available. Tel.: 4645.

Nr. EAST GRINSTEAD. GRAVETYE MANOR HOTEL

For country-lovers, jaded town dwellers and all appreciative of good food and wine, this enlarged Elizabethan mansion is "something out of this world." (Under same direction as Gore Hotel, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.) Tel.: Sharpthorne 100.

EAST WITTERING, Sussex. OLD BARN HOTEL

on sea edge. South aspect and safe sandy bathing. Just the place for a family holiday. Club Bar. Tel.: West Wittering 3228.

FOLKESTONE. BURLINGTON HOTEL

On the Leas facing the sea. Ideal for a restful holiday. Good food, well cooked. Courteous service. Fully Licensed. Cocktail Bar. Lift and all modern comforts. Private bathrooms. Central Heating. Near Shops and Amusements. Tel.: 4663.

FOLKESTONE, KENT. PRINCES HOTEL

A.A.*** 70 rooms. In the lee of the Leas. Central and sheltered. Attractive residential, holiday or B.B. terms. Fully licensed. Tel.: 2850.

GODSTONE, SURREY. THE WHITE HART HOTEL

A truly authentic XVIth-Century Coaching House in unspoiled rural setting, first Licensed in the reign of Richard II and patronised by Royalty. Colourful, cheerful and inviting, within 20 miles of London. R.A.C.*** and A.A. Recommended. Open to non-residents for Lunch and Dinner. Tel.: Godstone 521.

GRAVESEND. CLARENDON ROYAL HOTEL

Strategically positioned close Tilbury Ferry and overlooking Thames. Excellently located for cross-Channel motorists en route to and from East Anglia and the North. A.A. Rosette for exceptional catering. Tel.: 5471.

HASTINGS
THE YELTON HOTEL

Sheltered from north and east, facing sun and sea, adjoining White Rock Pavilion—no more happily positioned and well-run hotel will you find. Lift, Ballroom, Billiards and Cocktail Lounge. Tel.: 2240.

NR. HERSTMONCEUX, Sussex. WHITE FRIARS

An hotel of quiet distinction for restful week-ends or early holidays (convenient for sea, golf, riding). Buttery open to non-residents. Tel.: 3299.

HOVE
SACKVILLE COURT HOTEL

Facing bowling lawns and the sea, this attractively-furnished all-year-round hotel is well known for its comfort and catering. 44 Bedrooms and 29 private bathrooms. New Ballroom, Cocktail Bar, Lifts, Garages and Parking. Under same direction as Dudley Hotel, Hove. Tel.: 36292.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL

facing sea with own golf course, tennis, putting and croquet, is a holiday resort in itself, IN ALL SEASONS. Excellent cuisine and service. All bedooms with private bathrooms. Billiards. Ballroom. Lift. Cocktail lounge. Tel.: 67441.

HYTHE, KENT. STADE COURT

In sight and sound of the waves, this small, fully-licensed hotel offers restful comfort and appetising fare inexpensively. Tel.: 67146.

Nr. HYTHE, KENT. THE ROYAL OAK MOTEL

First-class accommodation and restaurant. Fully licensed. Ideal for the cross-Channel tourist travelling to and from Dover or Folkestone and the airports at Lympne and Lydd (Ferryfield). A Graham Lyon Motel. Tel.: Hythe 66580.

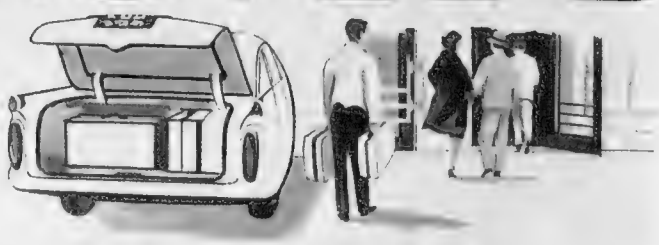
KINGSGATE, Nr. BROADSTAIRS. FAYRENESS HOTEL

A family hotel, beautifully situated facing sea and adjoining North Foreland Golf Course. 3-acre garden. Perfect food, comfort. Fully licensed. Safe Bathing. Riding. Tel.: Thanet 61103.

MIDDLETON-ON-SEA. ANCTON HOUSE

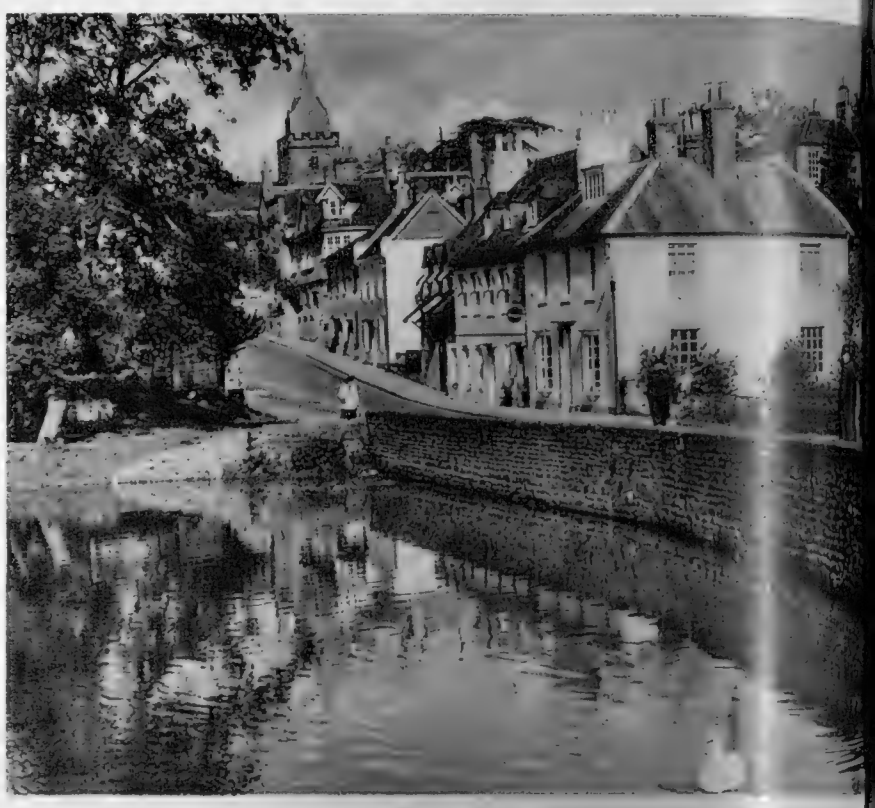
Three miles east of Bognor Regis, this 16th-century guest house (once farmhouse) has won fame for its cooking and sense of great contentment. Close miles of golden sands. Tel.: 2482.

HOTEL DIS



KENT, Surrey and Sussex have a close affinity. They blend and nuzzle in each other's boundaries and yet each retains its separate characteristics.

All three counties are rich in historic interest and scenic beauty, and as a curtain raiser to Britain as a whole there could be no better prologue. Stay, when you have the chance, in all three counties. Your clue to where to make your base may be found in the following brief gazetteer:



Midhurst, Sussex

KENT.

THE THANET COAST-LINE—it stretches from Birchington-on-Sea to Ramsgate. If you seek a quiet resort consider Birchington, Westgate-on-Sea, or Kingsgate betwixt Cliftonville and Broadstairs. *Recommended hotels:* Birchington-on-Sea, *The Beresford* and *The Bungalow* (Trust House). Westgate-on-Sea, *Sea Grange Hotel.* Near Broadstairs, by Kingsgate Castle, *Castle Keep Hotel,* and the *Fayreness Hotel* in Kingsgate.

Note, also, MINSTER-IN-THANET—*Old Oak Cottage Hotel,* a cosy little retreat at any time of the year.

CANTERBURY. The cradle of English Christianity. This fascinating Cathedral city should certainly be stayed in. Choose *Cathedral Gate Hotel* (unlicensed), in the shadow of the Cathedral, or the *Chaucer Hotel* (Trust House).

FOLKESTONE. Channel port and attractive resort with plentiful opportunities for sport and entertainment. Its famous Leas are delightful for level promenading. Among *recommended hotels* are *The Burlington* and *The Princes,* and *The Clifton* (Trust House).

GRAVESEND. The Tilbury/Gravesend Ferry is the more picturesque, quicker and most traffic-free way of reaching Dover, Folkestone and Lydd from the north-eastern end of England. *Recommended hotel: The Clarendon Royal.*

HYTHE. An ancient Cinque port, next door to Folkestone and now popular as an uncrowded seaside resort. *Recommendation:* near Hythe, at Newingreen, *The Royal Oak Motel*—most convenient for motorists crossing the Channel, either by boat from Dover or Folkestone, or by air from Lympne or Lydd airfields.

ROCHESTER. Both the Cathedral and the Castle are well worth a visit. *Recommended hotel:* that famous Dickensian inn, *The Bull.*

SEVENOAKS. Only 24 miles from London and a good centre for sightseeing. Knole House and Park, Dickens' land and excursions into Surrey. *Recommended hotel: Bligh's.*

TONBRIDGE. A half-way house between London and the coast. Good centre for sightseeing. *Recommended hotel: The Angel.*

SURREY.

GUILDFORD. This county town has much of interest from its old Guildhall to its modern Cathedral, still in course of construction. BRAMLEY, three miles to the south, makes a good base. *Recommended hotel: Bramley Grange.*

GODSTONE A favourite touring centre on the London/Eastbourne road and the Guildford/Sevenoaks road. *Recommended hotel: The White Hart.*

OXTED. A picturesque village at the foot of Titsey Hill, and a convenient centre for that part of Surrey which borders on Kent. *Recommended hotel: Hoskins Arms.*

RICHMOND. London only eight miles away. Richmond Park for walks and riding. River Thames for boating. *Recommended hotel: Morshead.*

WARLINGHAM. London only thirty-five minutes by road. An excellent spot for those who want to visit London daily, but sleep in the country. *Recommended hotel: Dorincourt House Hotel.*

COVERIES

Kent, Surrey and Sussex

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

WEYBRIDGE. Most convenient for London Airport and such annual social nd sporting events as Ascot and Wimbledon. Close to such famous golf-urses as Sunningdale, Wentworth and St. George's Hill. *Recommended hotel: tlands Park.*

WONERSH. A model village, 3½ miles from Guildford. *Recommended inn* (no idential accommodation): *Grantley Arms.*

A Lane in Kent

SUSSEX.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. Small seaside resort with good shops. *Recommended hotels: ooden Beach Hotel* and *Bedford Lodge* (8 bedrooms only).

BRIGHTON. No introduction is needed here. A bountiful resort with an ample pply of bracing air and good hotels. *Recommended hotels: The Royal Albion, he Grand,* and for a smaller family hotel, *Nevill House,* on the corner of Marine arade. (*See also* Hove.)

EASTBOURNE. A flourishing seaside resort at the foot of Beachy Head. *Recom-ended hotels: The Cavendish, The Cumberland, Chatsworth,* and for a small, oderately-priced one, *Cuffnells.*

EAST GRINSTEAD. An attractive market town on the edge of Ashdown Forest nd on the London/Eastbourne road. *Recommended hotel: Gravetye Manor,* near est Hoathly.

EAST WITTERING. A small resort seven miles from Chichester. A good spot r the family holiday with plenty of sands, sunshine and seascape. *Recommended otel and club: The Old Barn,* almost at water's edge.

HASTINGS. First made famous by William the Conqueror. Sheltered from the rth, it has both a summer and winter season. *Recommended hotel: Yelton Hotel. ee also* St. Leonard's.)

HERSTMONCEUX. Situated on rising ground behind the Pevensey Marshes, this mall village makes a good location for those not wishful of being right by the sea. *ecommended hotel: White Friars.*

HOVE. Brighton's selective neighbour. *Recommended hotels: Sackville Court,* n the sea front, and its next-of-kin, *The Dudley,* in Lansdowne Place.

MIDDLETON-ON-SEA. Three miles east of Bognor Regis. A favourite week-end treat for Londoners. Miles and miles of sand. *Recommended: Ancton Guest ouse.*

MIDHURST. A delightful old-world West Sussex town, where curiously-named treets and old timbered houses lead out to the wooded borderland of Surrey and he contour of the Sussex Downs. *Recommended hotel: The Angel.*

NINFIELD. A pleasant village five miles north of Bexhill. *Recommended hotel: oor Hall.*

RYE. One of the old Cinque ports. Riddled with cobbled streets and weathered oftops. *Recommended hotel: The Hope Anchor.*

NEAR SEAFORD, BISHOPSTONE. A tiny village nestling in the Downs, one mile the Seaford/Newhaven road. *Recommended hotel: Little Hallands.*

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. A selective neighbour of Hastings, with many residential nd holiday hotels. *Recommended: The Royal Victoria* (Trust House) and *Clevedon urt.*

STORRINGTON. A charming village nestling at the foot of the South Downs, ear Worthing. *Recommended hotel: Abingworth Hall,* on the Thakeham road.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, 13-15, *John Adam St., London, W.C.2.*

MIDHURST, SUSSEX. THE ANGEL
An old-world inn whose old-fashioned stock-in-trade is first-class English fare, country service and nineteen comfortably-furnished bedrooms. In fact, purveyors of pleasant memories. Tel.: 21.

MINSTER-IN-THANET. OLD OAK COTTAGE HOTEL
Low-beamed and XIVth century, this small hotel (seven bedrooms only) is worth queueing-up for, for the joy of home-cooked food and the feeling of welcome. Fully licensed. Tel.: 229.

Nr. BEXHILL (4 miles) NINFIELD. MOOR HALL HOTEL
for a country-cum-seaside holiday. Riding stables, golf (Cooden and Highwood), tennis. Children welcome. Licensed. Tel.: Ninfield 330.

RICHMOND HILL, SURREY. MORSHEAD HOTEL
Just by the Park Gates and overlooking the Thames. Offers quiet and comfortable residential quarters, with easy access to City and West End and facilities for golf, riding and boating. Tel.: 4676.

Visit the Steak Bar at the BULL HOTEL, Rochester
Prime meat served direct from the Grill at reasonable prices. Fully Licensed and open from midday to 2.30 p.m. AND 6.30 to 10.30 p.m. (SUNDAYS 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.)

RYE, THE HOPE ANCHOR
A good anchorage is this small, charming hotel, cosy in winter, cool in summer and gastronomically excellent always. Tel.: 2216.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. CLEVEDON COURT HOTEL
In the shelter of Warrior Square, this 27-bedroomed hotel is much sought after for winter residence, recuperation and for holiday contentment. Res. Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. E. Robinson. Tel.: Hastings 3377.

STORRINGTON, Sussex. ABINGWORTH HALL HOTEL
An attractive home for country-lovers. Seven acres of grounds. Close to Downs and sea. TV. Billiards. Tennis. Tel.: West Chiltington 2257.

WARLINGHAM, SURREY
DORINCOURT HOUSE HOTEL
Only 35 minutes London. Magnificent country house. Renowned catering. Admirable base for business executives, house hunters, overseas visitors. Tel.: Upper Warlingham 2916.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA, KENT. SEA GRANGE
This 35-bedroomed hotel with uninterrupted views over sands and sea is now booking for family holidays. Bracing air, bountiful fare and bathed in sunshine. Licensed. Tel.: Thanet 31698.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY
OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run country hotels, only 30 minutes from London's West End. Own swimming-pool, sporting golf course, tennis, squash, bowls, billiards, dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Tel.: Weybridge 4242.

TOURING SURREY—SUSSEX ?—then for GOOD FOOD & COMFORT
make your headquarters at—

OXTED—HOSKINS ARMS HOTEL
with London only 22 miles distant, this friendly house makes an admirable headquarters for combining the entertainment of London and the pleasure of the Surrey countryside. B. and B. from 21s. Tel.: 3211.

DORKING—STAR & GARTER HOTEL
off the main road from London (24 miles to the South Coast and adjacent to some of the most beautiful country in Surrey. An ideal base for walkers or motorists. B. and B. from 21s. Tel.: 2820.

For Luncheon or Dinner call on—

WONERSH, NEAR GUILDFORD
THE GRANTLEY ARMS
A XVth-century Inn in the village of Wonersh. London 33 miles. Luncheon from 5s. 6d. Dinner from 7s. 6d. Tel.: Bramley 3351.

FERRING-ON-SEA, NEAR WORTHING
THE TUDOR CLOSE
An old Sussex farm building of thatch mentioned in the Domesday Book. Luncheon from 8s. 6d. Dinner à la carte. Tel.: Goring-by-Sea 43155.

Please write for brochures and details to—**CATERING HOUSES LTD., 28-29 Commercial Rd., Guildford, Surrey.**

TRIDENT HOTELS

SEVENOAKS
BLIGH'S HOTEL
Where old and new happily blend. Admirably located for daily visits to London (25 miles). Tel.: 4092.

TONBRIDGE
THE ANGEL
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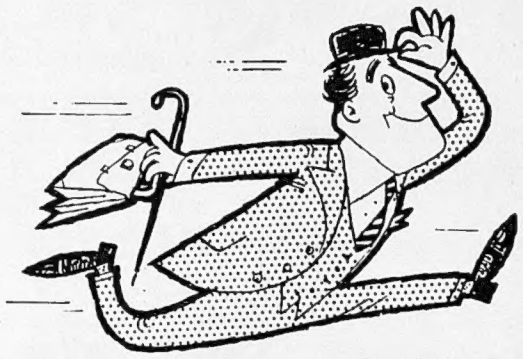

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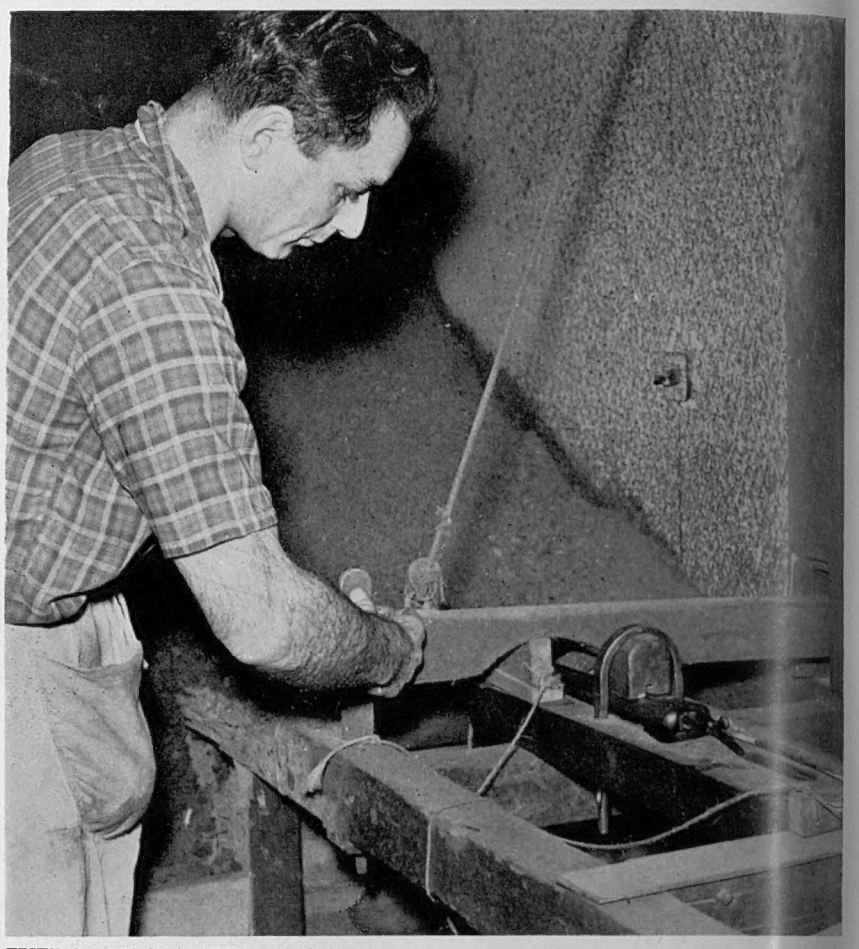
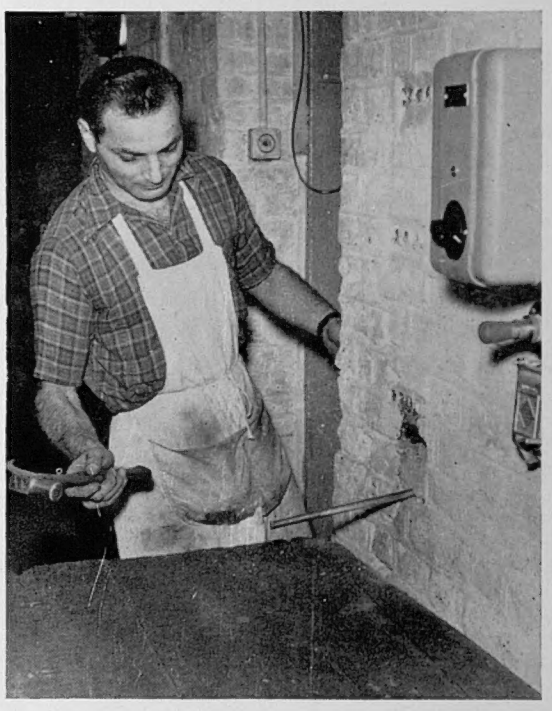
GUN PROVING

A 17-century Company Tests Guns Before Their Sale to the Public



TESTING GUNS IN LONDON: Loaded with powder and shot, the barrels of a shot-gun are clamped in position before firing in an enclosed chamber. At the Proof House in Commercial Road, London, E., new and rebarrelled guns are tested before sale.



THE REMOTE SYSTEM OF FIRING: The workman is about to strike the rod to operate the firing mechanism. After cleaning, the barrels are checked for faults by eye. It is said to take seven years to train a man to "read" barrels successfully.

The Proof House of the Worshipful Company of Gunmakers, in London, has been on the same site since the Company was granted a charter in 1637. The responsibility of testing guns is vested in the Company and the Guardians of the Proof House in Birmingham by the Gun Barrel Proof Acts of 1868 and 1950. The methods of proving guns has changed little over the centuries, although modern equipment is used to make the work easier. The guns are tested in underground rooms in which are a sand bunker, a cradle to hold the barrels, and a simple remote firing mechanism. The main part of the work is checking barrels. The firing mechanism is also tested with the known weakest spots of each gun. Many guns are not even fired before being returned as unsound, and a £20 gun is checked as carefully as a £750 one. There are reciprocal agreements with a number of European countries, but guns from elsewhere must be tested before sale. Other implements checked include cartridge hammers, used in construction, and life-saving guns that fire ropes.

On right—

AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TEST: Proof marks—consisting of the gauge, the company's crest, the nominal bore within a diamond shape and the highest mean pressure allowed — are punched on the breech end of the gun. Final proving of shot-guns subjects the barrels to 60 to 80 per cent. greater pressure than they are likely to meet. This is done in the Proof House by using carefully-measured quantities of powder and shot in the cartridge cases.

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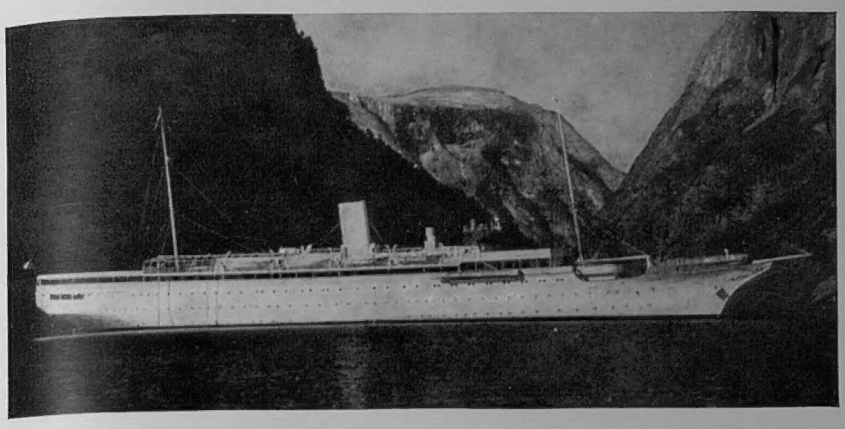
M.S. *Stella Polaris*



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